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MRS. SIMPSON NOT RETURNING TO LONDON FOR LONG PERIOD

AUSTRALIA OUT
FOR 58!

Bradman Dismissed
For Duck

ALLEN AND VOCE HEROS
OF THE MATCH

Brisbane. To-day.

Commencing the day 373 runs behind, Australia were dismissed for 58 runs in the first Test cricket match against England, this representing the lowest Test score in Australia since the 1887-8 match when Australia totalled 42 runs on the Sydney ground.

Seventy-five balls were needed to give England a great triumph by 322 runs, the Australian innings lasting only 71 minutes. The heroes of the match were G. O. Allen, the English skipper, and Voe, both of whom it will be recalled were involved in the former cricket "war." Allen was practically unplayable, his balls skidding through at a very low and bewildering speed, while Voe used the soft wicket to the best advantage.

There was only a crowd of 3,000 when Bradcock (0) and Sievers (2) resumed Australia's innings at 3 for 1 in sultry and cloudy weather. There had been rain overnight and a sharp downpour at 6 a.m. left the wicket in a very soft condition.

(Continued on Page 5)

Scores:

AUSTRALIA—2ND INNINGS	
C. Bradcock, c Fagg, b Allen	0
M. W. Sievers, c Voe, b Allen	2
W. A. Oldfield, b Voe	0
D. G. Bradman, c Fagg, b Allen	0
S. J. McCabe, c Leyland, b Allen	0
R. Robinson, c Hammond, b Voe	0
A. G. Chipperfield, not out	0
W. J. O'Reilly, b Allen	0
F. Ward, b Voe	0
E. L. McCormick, absent ill	0
Extras	0
Total	58
Fall of the wicket: 1. (Bradcock) for 0; 2. (Bradcock) for 3; (Sievers) for 7; 4 (Bradman) for 7; 5 (McCabe) for 16; 6 (Robinson) for 20; 7 (Oldfield) for 37; 8 (O'Reilly) for 41; 9 (Ward) for 58; 10 (McCormick) absent for 58.	
Bowling Analysis	0. M. R. W.
Allen	6 0 36 5
Voe	6.3 0 16 4
Reuter	

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Bowling Analysis

O. M. R. W.

Allen

6 0 36 5

Voe

6.3 0 16 4

Reuter



Sporting Page

FINE SEND-OFF FOR TORQUAY'S NEW TENNIS COVERED COURTS



Eric Pedley, above, the United States polo team's brilliant No. 1, who was instrumental in retaining the world famous Westchester Cup, has retained his polo handicap of 10 goals, which was given him prior to the recent series in England.

STEEL, COULSON LEAGUE

Latest Snooker And Billiards Results

CATHOLIC UNION CLUB LEAD IN BOTH

The Catholic Union Club are maintaining their lead in both the Steel, Coulson's Snooker and Billiards Leagues.

The following are the latest results in both Leagues:

SNOOKER		
D.R.C. v. R.N.Y.P.	P. F.	A.
Edwards..... 10	Stafford..... 89	11
Hussey..... 47	Downes..... 82	16
Ash..... 48	Philpotts..... 16	16
Smith..... 56	Nicholls..... 22	22
Waldie..... 45	Inchcombe..... 32	32

SNOOKER LEAGUE TABLE

D.R.C. v. R.A. Lycemann

Edwards..... 10

Hussey..... 47

Ash..... 48

Smith..... 56

Waldie..... 45

Inchcombe..... 32

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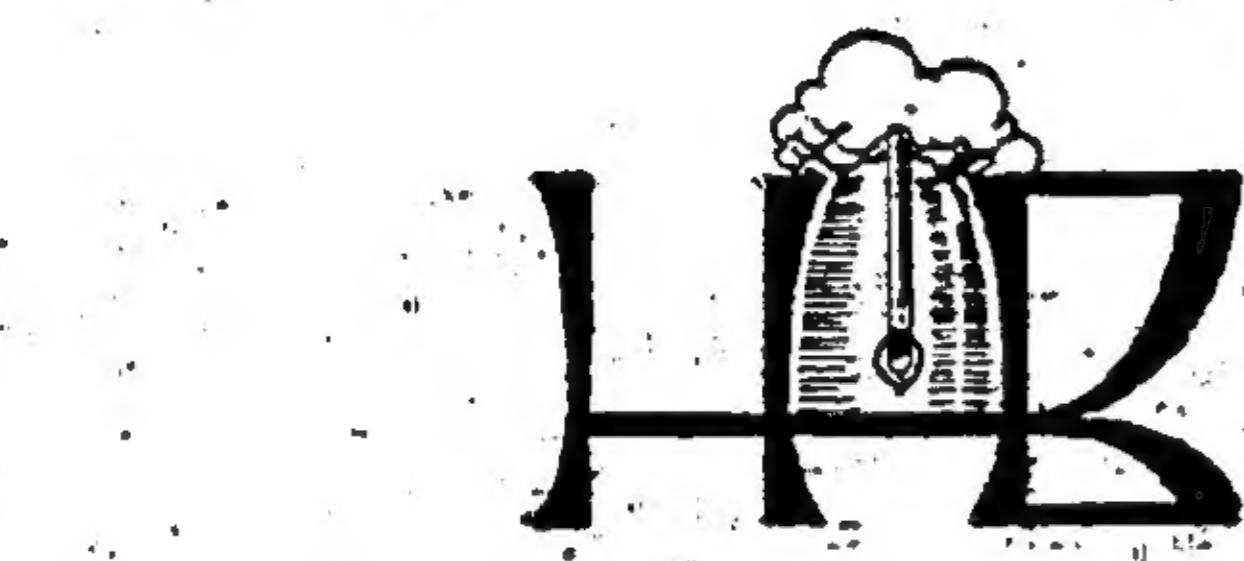
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STEVE DONOGHUE
RETRING?
HAS SON WHO IS
TRAINER
RODE WINNER ON
52ND BIRTHDAY

(By "ECHO")
London, November.

So many veteran jockeys have announced their retirements lately that people are beginning to ask questions about Steve Donoghue, the "daddy" of them all.

Steve has not said anything yet about his plans for the winter and the next flat season, but it will be remembered that some three years ago Sir Victor Sassoon invited him to set up as a trainer.

Donoghue replied that he was good enough for another year or two in the saddle, and he has proved it. October 15 last was his birthday, and he celebrated the completion of his 52nd year by riding a winner.

Steve's long innings is remarkable. Trainers frequently have sons who are jockeys; but Donoghue, a jockey, has a son, Pat, who is a trainer. Pat Donoghue, in fact, is the only trainer with a jockey father, and he looks twice his father's size.



The big stars in the professional tennis world with the founder of the biggest winner, W. T. "Big Bill" Tilden, second from right. On the extreme left is George M. Lott, and Lester Stoeber, former Wimbledon doubles-champions, while, on the extreme right is H. Ellsworth Vines, who was recently seen in Hong Kong in exhibition matches with Tilden.

CAMBRIDGE WIN IN MUD

THRILLING RUGBY ENCOUNTER AT TWICKENHAM

London, To-day. Before a crowd of 25,000 spectators, which was smaller than usual, Cambridge University yesterday won the sixty-first Inter-Varsity Rugby classic by two tries (6 points) to a goal (5 points) under miserable conditions, the game being played in heavy rain on a slippery turf, while the ball was very greasy.

There were no last-minute changes in the teams.

Oxford were featured in an early attack and Grieve, their fly-half, narrowly missed scoring with an attempt at a drop-goal. The fast footwork of the Oxford forwards enabled them to attack strongly, and Root, one of their forwards, missed a golden chance of scoring when he failed to take a short pass.

After a spasmodic Cambridge raid, Macdonald, their left-wing three-quarter, was grassed two yards from the Oxford line after 25 minutes. Play was then transferred to the other end, where Downes, the Light Blues' back, fumbled, and Renwick, the Oxford right-wing three-quarter, picked up and crossed the Cambridge line with several opponents hanging on. Brett added the goal points.

TURNING POINT

It was from this stage that the game turned in favour of Cambridge, who fought back marvellously, scoring twice within five minutes to take the lead.

Root, the Cambridge left-centre three-quarter, cut through and, when about to be tackled near the corner flag, sent a long reverse pass back to Wilson, one of their forwards who was following up, who took a bullet-like pass to cross the Oxford line.

Forest, however, failed to add the goal-points.

From a free kick Macdonald received the ball in his own half and then made a brilliant run down the touchline which culminated in a try when he caught Freakes, the Oxford back, on the wrong foot, but Forest again failed to convert and at the interval Cambridge led by 6 points to 5.

The second half saw some stirring play. Percy, the Oxford left-wing three-quarter, breaking through only to be tackled by Forest and Downes simultaneously.

WONDERFUL KICK

Oxford continued to attack and a wonderful kick to touch by Freakes, their full-back, placed them a yard from the Cambridge line, but the danger was averted.

The following have been the results during the last 10 years:—

(Continued at foot of next Col.)

COME TO OUR X'MAS BAZAAR

AND INSPECT OUR LARGE SELECTION OF
CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

WHITEAWAY LAIDLAW & CO. LTD.

BRITISH GOLFERS IN AMERICA

THOMSON AND McLEAN GIVEN MANY TIPS AMERICAN-SIZED BALL BETTER

London, November 10.

HECTOR Thomson, the amateur champion, and Jack McLean probably received more friendly hints from American professionals during their short visit to America with the Walker Cup team than in a whole life time in Britain.

Thomson himself declares that only now has he learned to strike the ball properly for all strokes. Jack McLean is not a long hitter, as long-hitting is regarded these days, and he has been trying to put on ten to twenty yards from the tee.

Many Americans, including Bobby Jones, advised him not to alter his swing, to let this elusive twenty yards remain at the foot of the rainbow, but to keep the ball on the fairway, as he does now.

McLean is a beautiful iron shot player—his accuracy is impressive. Bobby Jones told McLean to let the yards look after themselves, and to practise and tighten up his short game with pitches and putts.

It is interesting to players that Jack McLean declares he played better golf with the American-sized ball than he did in Scotland.

ROSSLYN PARK'S NEW GROUND

Bart's Also Seeking
Fresh Fields

PARKS FUNDS REACH HALF-WAY MARK

By HALF-FARE

London, November 10.

All sorts of wild rumours have been in circulation about the suggested removal of Rosslyn Park from Richmond. The facts are that in two years time, unless there are unforeseen complications, Rosslyn Park will be playing on a new and up-to-date ground at East Molesey, about five minutes' walk from Hampton Court Station.

There will be room for at least three pitches there, a matter of vital importance to a club which has the largest playing membership of any Rugby club in the world.

For Rugby Union

At a meeting of the Park's special sub-committee in London last night, negotiations were brought to a point where little remains to be done, and the matter will come before the full committee on Monday week. I understand, too, that the Rugby Union will discuss it this week.

The Park's ground fund has reached between £4,000 and £4,500, about half the total needed, so that there will be no difficulties in that direction.

It is not too much to say that the whole future of the club depends on this move, for the Old Deer Park is Crown land and the club's lease expires in nine years.

Bart's Have To Move

I hear that Bart's have been given notice to quit Winchmore Hill, the ground having been acquired as an open space and children's playground. This will be a blow for Bart's, as although they have been amply compensated, they will have much difficulty in finding a suitable pitch.

The action of the Rosslyn Park committee is obviously a wise one, lest a similar fate befall them. In the Hampton Court district Rosslyn Park would be in a similar position to Blackheath, the only first-class club in a wide area, and with a following of their own.

MATCH FOR LACEY BROTHERS

London, November 13.—Arthur Lacey and his brother Charles, who is in England on four months' leave from his Long Island club, have agreed to play a 36-holes golf match against James Adams (Bromford), runner-up in this year's Open Championship, and Cecil Denny, the Thorpe Hall professional. The match will be played at Thorpe Hall next month.

MISS STAMMERS WINS

London, November 16.—Miss K. E. Stammers, Brimley's number two player, won her first round match against Miss N. E. Brown in the women's singles in the Torquay covered courts tournament to-day. Miss Stammers won by 6-4, 6-2, and joined another international player, Miss R. M. Hardwick. In the second round Miss Hardwick beat Miss E. Devereux 6-0, 6-3.

LEICESTER'S NEW FORWARD

Leicester City, who have six first-team men on the injured list, have signed E. Stubbs, a forward from Nottingham Forest.

1927	Cambridge	22-8
1928	Oxford	16-8
1929	Oxford	9-6
1930	Drawn	3-3
1931	Oxford	10-3
1932	Oxford	8-3
1933	Oxford	5-3
1934	Cambridge	24-12
1935	Drawn	4-4
1936	Cambridge	6-5

POPE'S CONDITION CONTINUES TO SHOW IMPROVEMENT

Rome, To-day.—The condition of His Holiness Pope Pius is continuing to improve, according to a report issued from the Vatican yesterday. Physicians are still in constant attendance, however, and the Pope will probably be confined to bed for several days before being allowed to move about.—Trans-Ocean Service.

APPLICATION ON SEVERAL ORDERS

Leave Granted In Supreme Court

EQUITABLE CHARGE MADE IN 1914

Before His Honour the Chief Justice, Sir Atholl MacGregor, at the Supreme Court this morning, Messrs. J. H. Seth and S. H. Ross, Receivers and Managers of the estate and effects of Lau Ping, deceased, represented by Mr. Leo D'Almada e Castro Jr., instructed by Messrs. G. K. Hall, Bruton and Co., were given liberty to appear against Lau Yuk-cheuk, on several orders.

The plaintiff's action was against Lau Lam-shi, executrix of the will of Lau Yeu-fung, alias Lau Shun-ping, deceased, and Lau Yuk-cheuk, administrator *de bonis non* of the estate of Lau Ping, deceased.

Mr. Murphy, Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court, and Mr. W. J. Lockhart Smith, Assistant Land Officer, testified on behalf of the plaintiffs.

The latter produced a Register of Inland Lot No. 1324, showing an equitable charge made, on November 17, 1914. He stated that there was no record of a memorial of satisfaction to show that the sum of \$50,000 had been repaid and as far as he knew it was still owing the estate.

Mr. Leo D'Almada said that on August 4, 1914 an equitable charge was executed on Inland Lot No. 1324, and on other properties which did not affect this claim. The books of Lau Yuk-cheuk, when examined by the Receivers showed that a sum in taels to the equivalent of \$50,000 was still owing the estate.

Counsel produced the judgment of Sir Joseph Kemp, former Chief Justice of Hong Kong, on an original jurisdiction, which established the fact that the money was advanced out of Lau Ping's estate and up till August 19, 1930, the money had not been repaid.

Mr. A. el Arculli, solicitor for Lau Lam-shi, testified that he had conduct of Original Jurisdiction No. 88 and was still acting on her behalf. He had had correspondence with Messrs. Wilkinson and Grist and, even after the judgment of Sir Joseph Kemp, the matter of repayment was broached between them, but insofar as he knew no repayment had been made.

Mr. J. H. Seth, who was appointed together with Mr. S. H. Ross as Receiver and Manager of the said estate and effects, stated that he had been through the books of Lau Yuk-cheuk and had found no repayment of the sum of \$50,000. The account books had been kept up to February, of 1934. From the day of his appointment to now no sum had been paid in respect of the equitable charge.

Counsel's Submissions

Counsel then submitted that His Lordship was entitled to make the following charges:

That the claim for declaration that the sum of \$50,000 advanced to Uo Ting-tsun and Lau Yuk-cheuk, secured by an equitable charge on certain lands was advanced out of money belonging to the estate of Lau Ping.

That the said sum of money is still due and owing under the equitable charge.

That an order that the plaintiff's of one of them do exercise the power of sale contained in the equitable charge.

That an order that the first defendant, as executrix, and the second defendant do execute any necessary assignment or assignments of the lands or any other necessary deeds or documents, or that some person be appointed by the Court to execute the same in the event of either defendant failing to do so.

Counsel said that Lau Lam-shi had represented no defendant and asked for liberty to argue against the second defendant.

LOCAL NEWS BREVITIES

TO SUPPRESS BANDITS

Generalissimo Discusses Plans With Officers

PROPOSAL TO RE-CAPTURE LOST TERRITORIES

Canton, To-day.

On Monday afternoon Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek held a very important conference at Sian, the capital of Shensi Province, to discuss the question of bandit suppression. Among those present were General Chen Sheng, the newly appointed Vice-Minister of War, General Yang Fu-chen, Pacification Commissioner for Shensi, General Chou Pei-teh, Director of Military Education, Marshal Chang Hsien-chang, Acting Commander of Bandit Suppression in North-western China, and a number of other high military officials.

It is learned that General Chen Sheng has been instructed to go back to Suiyuan after the conference to direct the offensive on Shantou so as to recover the lost territories of North Chahar, in conjunction with General Fu Chien-ye, the Chairman of Suiyuan Province.—By A. Special Correspondent.

TOLEDO ATTACKED

(Continued from Page 1)

Increased Activity Near San Sebastian

Paris: The gallant defender of the Alcazar in Toledo, General Moscardo, arrived at San Sebastian yesterday. At the same time it is reported that increased activity has developed again in this section of the front. Near Bellac, the Republican forces made repeated determined attacks against the positions held by General Franco's forces, but they have met with no success up to the present.

Another bombardment was made on Madrid yesterday morning according to a broadcast message from the Seville radio station.—Trans-Ocean Service.

Franco Preparing Big Attack On Madrid

Paris: All reports received here yesterday from Madrid and the Spanish front indicate that General Franco is preparing to launch a big offensive and that his intention is known to the authorities in Madrid, where corresponding military measures are being taken.

The papers in Madrid print warnings to the inhabitants of the capital that the new big offensive will put all its predecessors in the shade as bitterness is concerned.

Considerable reinforcements, it is stated, have arrived during the last few days and consist not only of more Moors from Spanish Morocco, but also of voluntary Fascist formations which, in the meantime have been given more military training.—Trans-Ocean Service.

PRISONERS IN SPAIN

London: Simultaneously with

the return of the delegation of members of the British Parliament from Spain, the Times published yesterday a despatch from their Madrid correspondent, describing the situation of the prisoners held by the Valencia Government forces in Madrid.

The prison authorities state that they were only able to produce 18 captured regular soldiers to show to the British party, since all the volunteers who were taken prisoners were summarily shot while the captured regulars were detained and enrolled as members of the militia forces.

The majority of the prisoners comprise reserve and retired officers, while some of them are politicians, writers, priests and nuns. Many of both groups, however, have been shot, for although they were nominally prisoners of the Government, they were actually in the hands of Trade Union militia forces.—Trans-Ocean Service.

FRENCH CRISIS AVERTED

Communists Will Support Blum

Paris, To-day. The threat that has been hanging over M. Leon Blum's government ever since the Communists abstained from the vote of confidence on December 5, has been averted. M. Thorez, Secretary-General of the Communists, stated that his party will support the Government as in the past.—Reuters.

CHINESE DIPLOMATIC MEET SATURDAY

The anti-Japanese has moved eastward and remains at the highest level. The latest news cast for to-day, as issued by the Royal Observatory this morning, was: "No. 1000, 1250, 156, 179 at the corresponding date of 1933, British Wireless Service."

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DISASTROUS FLOOD

300 Drowned And 50,000 Homeless

It is unusual for beggars to have themselves out when arrested, but at the Central Magistracy this morning a beggar, Chan See failed to answer his name when called, and his ball of \$4.30 was ordered to be extracted by Mr. K. Keen!

That he had stolen the canvas from the person who had promised him work in order that he might pawn it and thus redeem his tools, was the excuse given by Ho Chan, a carpenter, who was charged before Mr. K. Keen at the Central Magistracy this morning with the theft and who pleaded guilty. The case was adjourned for 24 hours. Detective-Sergeant Dowman said that the defendant was promised work by the complainant and was permitted to stay the night there to start work the next day. During the night defendant took the canvas, and he was arrested in the Central District the next morning.

Accused of stealing two gold finger rings and a pair of gold cuff-links belonging to his former employer, and valued at \$170, a 21-year-old unemployed Chinese, Cheung Hun, was found guilty and sentenced to two months' hard labour, and ordered to pay amounts of \$60, or serve an additional six weeks' imprisonment by Mr. Macfadyen at the Kowloon Magistracy this morning. The complainant was Mr. Rhamat Khan, manager of Khair Mohammed Brothers Army Contractors.

Charged with robbing Mr. Albert Victor Peacock of a pocket watch, a gold finger ring, a leather purse, three \$1 banknotes, one conjuring penny, a metal charm, and three keys; and Mrs. Lilian Peacock of a satchel, a camera, a cloth purse, one \$5 banknote, a gold wrist watch, a diamond ring and one gold wedding ring, a 45-year-old earth coolie, Chau Wah, was formally remanded for seven days by Mr. E. Bimsworth at the Kowloon Magistracy this morning. The robbery took place at Ngau Shu Wan, Kowloon City, on September 27 last.

The Superintendence and Committee of the Canadian Institute wish to thank their kind benefactors for their generous donations; to the various local firms and stores for their valuable contributions and to the public for their whole-hearted support towards their Annual Fete.

The a.s. Talambo will sail for Japan ports via Amoy and Shanghai at 7 a.m. to-morrow.

The R.M.A. Dorado arrived here at 12.25 a.m. yesterday, carrying two passengers, Air-Comm. Tedder and Son-Leader Wooley, and 4,200 kilos of freight and 222,936 kilos of mail.

There was only one passenger aboard the C.N.A.C. plane Fulben, when she arrived here yesterday from Shanghai. He was Mr. Kuo Kai-hsiung, and was a passenger from Foochow to Hong Kong. There were no passengers to Canton.

The a.s. Ranchi left Shanghai for this port yesterday and is due to arrive here about 5 p.m. to-morrow.

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ITALIAN DIPLOMAT FOR MANCHUKUO

Sequel Is New Agreement

Rome, To-day.

Over 300 were drowned in a flood disaster yesterday at Adana, to the south of Anatolia. Thousands are reported injured, while 50,000 are homeless and suffering from cold and starvation, wandering round the countryside aimlessly and practically unclothed.

The whole cotton and orange areas of Adana have been seriously damaged.—Reuter's Bulletin Service.

AUSTRALIA OUT FOR '38!

(Continued from Page 1)

OUT FIRST BALL

Fagg commenced the Australian chapter of misfortune when he caught Bedcock of Allen with the first ball of the day. It was a rising ball and flew straight from the bat into the gully. 3-2-0. Only four runs had been added when Stevers was well taken in the slips by Voce off Allen, 7-3-5.

Don Bradman, batman with a handicapped ankle, was out second ball, a good length delivery from Allen rising sharply and causing him to be caught by Fagg in the gully for a "duck" 7-4-0. At this period Allen had taken 3 wickets for 1 run!

McCabe, attempting a hook of Allen, was caught by Leyland at fine leg, 16-5-7. Robinson left four runs later when, attempting to hook a rising ball, he missed it and was caught by Hammond in the slips of Voca, 20-6-5.

Oldfield, who had shown great defensive resistance lasting 35 minutes, left at 37 after having scored 10 out of the 23 runs added while he was at the crease. His downfall came about when he played over a delivery from Voca and saw his stumps shattered.

Chipperfield, seeing the uselessness of caution, hit out desperately at everything and it was mainly due to his enterprise that the Australians topped the half-century. Undefeated at the close with 26, scored out of 42, he hit four boundaries during a stay of 31 minutes. The feature of his innings was good square-cutting.

O'REILLY OUT OF LUCK

O'Reilly attempted a terrific swipe off his first ball, missed and was then bowled middle stump by the next ball from Allen, 41-3-0.

Ward, attempting to hook a rising ball, was struck on the nose, but resumed after three minutes, although he was still very shaky. In the next over he was bowled middle stump by Voca, thus ending the Australian innings for 58 runs. McCormick was absent, suffering from lumbago.—Reuters.

Australian scored only 52 runs from the bat.

The lowest Test score in this series is 36 by Australia at Edgbaston in 1902. England's lowest was 45 on the Sydney ground in the 1886-7 series.

Scores:

ENGLAND—1ST INNINGS

Worthington, c Oldfield, b McCabe

Barnett, c Oldfield, b O'Reilly

Hammond, c Robinson, b McCabe

Cornick, c Leyland, b Ward

Amer, c Chipperfield, b Ward

Hardstaff, c McCabe, b O'Reilly

E. W. V. Robins, c Brown, b O'Reilly

G. O. Allen, c McCabe, b O'Reilly

Verity, c Stevers, b O'Reilly

Voca, not out

Extras

Total

Bowling Analysis

McCabe

Stevers

O'Reilly

Allen

Hammond

Ward

Verity

Robins

Hardstaff

Voca

Oldfield

Cornick

Worthington

Barnett

Hammond

Allen

Hammond

Ward

Verity

Robins

Hardstaff

Voca

Oldfield

Cornick

Worthington

Barnett

Hammond

Allen

Hammond

Ward

Verity

Robins

<p

ELLIS KADDOORIE SCHOOL

Annual Speech Day

SIR ELLY KADDOORIE GIVES AWAY AWARDS

Sir Eddy Kadoorie distributed the prizes at the Ellis Kadoorie School yesterday when the headmaster, Mr. G. W. Reeve, in the course of his report, stressed the importance of teaching the Chinese boys how to speak English properly, with particular regard to enunciation.

At the end of the prize distribution, Mr. Lawrence Kadoorie, made a speech on behalf of his father.

PRIZE LIST

Scholarship-holders and Prize-winners

Class 4—Government Scholarships: Au Sze Him 4A, Ho Chi Kong 4A, Tang Wing Kai 4A, Fung Nork Leung 4A, Tsang Ping Him 4C, Tai Yau Scholarship: Li Pak Nin 4C (1st Instalment), Sham Wing K.C. (2nd Instalment), Ho Kam Tong Scholarship: Chau Tim Wing 4A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, Tsang Ping Him 4C; 2, Au Sze Him 4A, Eddy Kadoorie Geography Prizes: An Sze Him 4A, Lo Shu Ying 4B, Tsang Ping Him 4C, English Class Prizes: Ho Chi Kong 4A, Lo Shu Ying 4B, Tsang Ping Him 4C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Tsang Ping Him 4C; 2, Au Sze Him 4A and Li Che Ying 4A; 3, Yeung Chung Pui 4A.

Class 5—Government Scholarships: So Sze Shing 5A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Wong Sui Po 5A, Ho Kam Tong Scholarship: Tsang Tat Shing 5A, Chan Kai Ming Scholarship: Siu Kai 5A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, So Sze Shing 5A; 2, Chan Ka Yau 5D, Eddy Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Chan Tin Cheuk 5A, Fok Sik Ling 5B, Lam Kwock Yu 5C, Tsui Sui Yuen 5D, English Class Prizes: Choi Tin Cheuk 5A, Lo Ping 5B, Mrs. Lam Chi Pak, Scholarship: Lam Wai Ching 5B, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: Yeung Kwan Ngai 5B, Choi Wai Man 5B, Eddy Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Choi Hoi Tung 5A, Choi Wai Man 5B, Li Kwock Leung 5C, English Class Prizes: Chu Hin Kong 5A, Li Pak Ying 5B, Chan Kwock Yee 5C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Choi Wai Man 5B; 2, Wong Tit Mai 5B; 3, Lo Che Kit 5B.

Class 6—Government Scholarship: Leung Chi Cheong 6A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Tsui Chung Lun 6A, Ho Kam Tong Scholarship: Lai Koon Tim 6A, Chan Kai Ming Scholarship: Cheng Man Wa 6A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: Cheng Man Wa 6A, Yam Ying Hung 6A, Eddy



One of the biggest attractions at the American Dahlia Society show at Rockefeller Centre, New York City, was this group of dahlias grown by Walter H. Ostrander, of Kingston, N.Y. The new bloom is named the Perry Landau dahlia, in honour of the Republican Presidential candidate's daughter.

Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Lai Koon Tim 6A, Chin Hon Chin 6B, Chan Fung 6C, English Class Prizes: Tsui Kung On 6A, Chin Hon Chin 6B, Tsui Yuk Ling 6C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Lai Koon Tim 6A; 2, Tsui Kung On 6A; 3, Yam Ying Hung 6A.

Class 7—Government Scholarship: Leung Kwan Pak 7A, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Leung Shi Chin 7A, Lau Chin Pak Scholarship: Chau Man Pui 7A, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: 1, Leung Kwan Pak 7A; 2, Mak Pui Ni 7A, Eddy Kadoorie Geography Prizes: Leung Kwan Pak 7A, Mai To Chung 7B, Wong Chun Yue 7C, English Class Prizes: Chau Man Pui 7A, Fung Pol 7A; 2, Mai Pui Ki 7A; 3, Wong Chun Yue 7C.

Class 8—Government Scholarship: Choi Wai Man 8B, Woo Hei Tong Scholarship: Young Kwan Ngai 8B, Mrs. Lam Chi Pak, Scholarship: Lam Wai Ching 8B, Ellis Kadoorie Special Prizes: Choi Wai Man 8B, Li Kwock Leung 8C, English Class Prizes: Chu Hin Kong 8A, Li Pak Ying 8B, Chan Kwock Yee 8C, Chinese Class Prizes: 1, Choi Wai Man 8B; 2, Wong Tit Mai 8B; 3, Lo Che Kit 8B.

Class 9—Government Scholarships

NOTIFIABLE DISEASES

Nineteen cases of diphtheria with seven deaths, five cases of typhoid fever and two cases of puerperal fever have been reported as having occurred during the week ended on Saturday last. There were 65 deaths from tuberculosis during the same period.

Five cases of diphtheria were notified as having occurred in the Colony during the 24 hours ended on Monday.

URBAN COUNCIL MEETING

Complete Register Of Burials

AMENDMENTS TO BY-LAWS

At the Urban Council meeting yesterday, the Chairman (Mr. R. Todd) said in part:—Before moving the amendments to the Cemeteries By-laws which stand in my name in the Orders of the Day I should like to say a few words in the nature of "objects and reasons."

By reference to the By-laws it will be observed that they fall under two main headings, (a) Cemeteries other than Chinese Cemeteries, and (b), Chinese Cemeteries. The existing By-law 3, which is under heading (a) requires that the person in charge of each cemetery shall keep a register of burials, but does not specify in what language the register shall be kept, nor does it make provision for the ultimate safe custody of the register. By-law 15, which is under the second heading, Chinese Cemeteries—requires that monthly registers be kept in the Chinese language and that these registers be deposited at the office of the Council after a period of two years.

As the By-laws make no distinction between public cemeteries

(by which I mean cemeteries administered directly by the Urban Council) and private cemeteries (by which I mean cemeteries administered by committees belonging to various religious denominations) and so, presumably, apply to all cemeteries, it will be seen that the wording of the present

By-law 3 has the effect, so far as

non-Chinese cemeteries are concerned, of leaving private cemeteries to their own devices in the matter of the language in which the registers are kept and in the matter of the preservation of the registers.

To Correct Omission

The Council has no record of burials in these private cemeteries, and the main object of the

MINE HOST

And What A Man!

The qualities of the ideal innkeeper, according to Dr. D. G. Russell, of Broadway, Worcestershire:

A memory for faces like a C.I.D. man;

Tact of a diplomat;

Amiable, good-tempered, and with a sense of humour;

Something of a psychologist;

Well-informed; and:

A good dietician, able to plan meals that tickle the palate and leave digestion unimpaired. Mr. Russell was addressing the conference of the Hotels and Restaurants Association at Llandudno.

S.P.C. MEETING

Question Of Hawkers' Licences

APPEAL TO GOVERNMENT

The Government's reply to a letter

from the Society for the Protection of Children in regard to the proposed restriction of hawkers' licences was read at a joint

meeting of the Executive and General Committees of the Society, held on Monday, the Hon. Mr. N. H. Kotewall being in the chair.

The letter stated that while the Government would be pleased to receive and consider any suggestions from the Society on the mat

ters raised in the two resolutions

passed by the Urban Council on

October 13, these were passed

only after the fullest considera

tion of the problems involved, but

it was added that, except where

licences for the sale of food were

concerned, the Urban Council was

still willing to consider applica

tions for licences forwarded by

the Society, while reserving the

right to judge each case on its

merits.

A sub-committee of the Society

is now preparing concrete sugges

tions, which will be submitted to

the Government in due course.

With regard to the Society's

eastern branch, it was decided by

the meeting that the alternative

accommodation offered at the vi

let Peel Centre be accepted for the

time being.

Licences Refused

There were eleven applications

for licences for food factories

which were all refused.

The list of licences granted by

the Urban Council between No

vember 24, 1936 and December 7,

1936 inclusive, is as follows:

Food Factories 3, Food Preserv

ing Establishments 3, Laundries

2, Offensive Trades 1, Eating

Houses 3, Restaurants 1. Total 13.

Those present at the meeting

were:—Mr. R. R. Todd (Chair

man), Hon. Dr. A. R. Wellington

(Vice-Chairman), Hon. Mr. R. M.

Henderson, Hon. Mr. R. A. C.

North, Hon. Mr. T. H. King, Mr.

F. C. Hall, Dr. R. A. de Castro

Rasto, Mr. L. C. F. Bellamy, Dr.

Chav. J. M. Alves, Mrs. Alabaster

Miss Brazier, Miss Shin Tak-hing

Mrs. Barker (Hon. Secretary),

Mrs. A. Hicks (Hon. Secretary).

Financial Report

The financial report for November, the first month of the new financial year, showed that there was an excess of expenditure over income totalling \$1141.58.

The meeting welcomed back Mr. L. B. Skinner, hon. secretary of the eastern branch, after leave.

Various cases which had come

before the Society were dealt with

by the meeting.

Those present, in addition to

the Chairman, were:—The Hon.

Sir Shouson Chow, Sir William

Hornell, Dr. R. A. de Castro

Rasto, Mr. L. C. F. Bellamy, Dr.

S. N. Chau, Mr. W. N. T. Tam, Mr.

E. Wong, Mr. C. J. Roe and

Mr. Im Ping-seung.

Those present, in addition to

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E. Wong, Mr. C. J. Roe and

Mr. Im Ping-seung.

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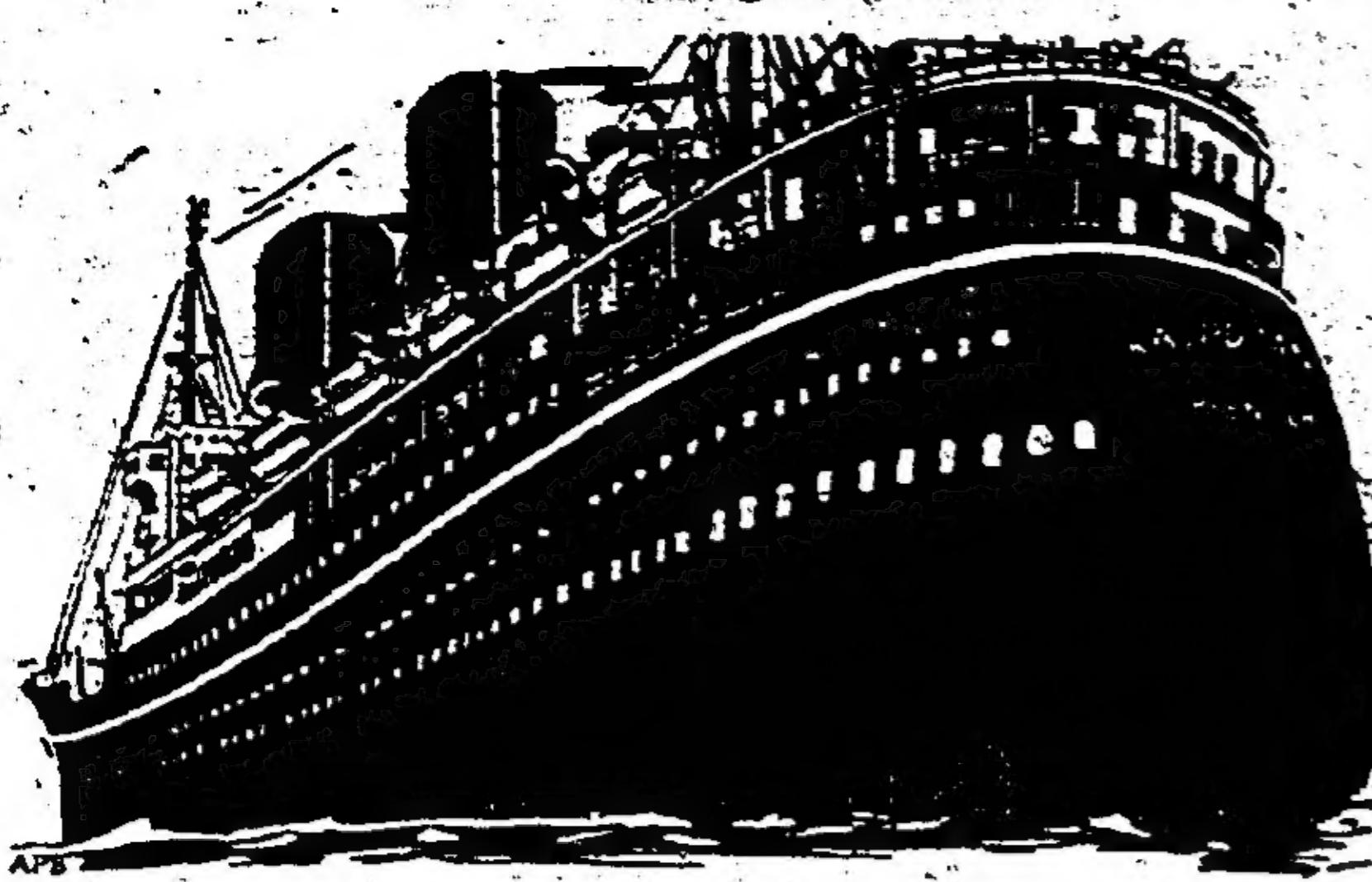
Sir Shouson Chow, Sir William

Hornell, Dr. R. A. de Castro

Rasto, Mr. L. C. F. Bellamy, Dr.

S. N. Chau, Mr. W. N. T. Tam, Mr.

E. Wong, Mr. C. J. Roe and



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PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL SAILINGS

S.S.	From	To Hong Kong	Destination
		About	
JEYPORE	6,000	9th Dec.	Bombay, Karachi & Persian Gulf
RANCHO	17,000	12th Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London
SOMORIN	15,000	26th Dec.	Bombay, Marseilles & London
SOMALI	7,000	2nd Jan.	Bombay, Havre, London, Hull, Hamburg, Rotterdam & Antwerp
RAJPUTANA	17,000	9th Jan.	Bombay, Marseilles & London
RANPURA	17,000	23rd Jan.	Bombay, Marseilles & London
BANGALORE	6,000	30th Jan.	Bombay, Havre, London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hull
RAWALPINDI	17,000	6th Feb.	Marseilles & London
CORFU	14,500	20th Feb.	Marseilles & London
BUHAN	6,000	27th Feb.	Marseilles, Havre, London, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp and Hull

* Cargo only. [†] Calls Casablanca. [‡] Calls Tangier. [§] Calls Tanger. ^{||} All vessels may call at Malta.

BRITISH INDIA-APCAR SAILINGS

SANTHIA	8,000	19th Dec.	
TALIMA	8,000	2nd Jan.	
TALMA	10,000	18th Jan.	Singapore, Port Swettenham.
SIRDHANA	8,000	30th Jan.	Penang, Rangoon & Calcutta
SHIRALA	8,000	13th Feb.	



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The P. & O. Branch Service of Steamers to London via Suez.

The New Zealand Shipping Co.'s Steamers for Southampton and London via Panama Canal.

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN SAILINGS

NANKIN	7,000	2nd Jan.	Manila, Rangoon, Brisbane, Sydney
NELLORE	7,000	30th Jan.	Melbourne & Hobart.
TANDA	7,000	5th Mar.	

SAILINGS TO SHANGHAI & JAPAN

TALAMRA	8,000	10th Dec.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.
RAJPUTANA	17,000	11th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
TALMA	10,000	24th Dec.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.
RANPURA	17,000	25th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
BANGALORE	6,000	26th Dec.	Shanghai & Japan.
NELLORE	7,000	3rd Jan.	Shanghai & Japan.
SIRDHANA	8,000	7th Jan.	Amoy, Shanghai & Japan.

* Cargo only.

Bayo Maru call at Bedibunder, Mandvi and Kutch.



General Passenger Agents in the Orient for
Cunard White Star Line

SAN FRANCISCO via Shanghai, Japan, Ports and Honolulu.
ASAMA MARU Wednesday, 6th Jan.
TAIYO MARU Wednesday, 20th Jan.
SEATTLE & VANCOUVER
HIKAWA MARU (Starts from Kobe) Wednesday, 18th Dec.
HIME MARU (Starts from Kobe) .. Saturday, 26th Dec.
NEW YORK via Panama. Saturday, 2nd Jan.
TOKUSHI MARU Wednesday, 13th Dec.
TAKAO MARU Thursday, 7th Jan.
LONDON, MARSEILLES, ANTWERP & RUTTERDAM
SUWA MARU Saturday, 19th Dec.
FUSHIMI MARU Saturday, 2nd Jan.
LIVERPOOL via Port Said, Beyrouth, Istanbul, Piraeus and Marseilles.
DAKAR MARU (Calls Malta) Monday, 14th Dec.
HAMBURG via P. Sudan, Alexandria & Casablanca.
ARIMA MARU Saturday, 9th Jan.
SYDNEY & MELBOURNE via Manila & Ports.
ATSUTA MARU Saturday, 23rd Dec.
KITAONO MARU Saturday, 23rd Jan.
BOMBAY via Singapore, Penang & Colombo.
ANZO MARU Friday, 11th Dec.
TOYAMA MARU Monday, 23rd Dec.
CALCUTTA via Singapore, Penang & Rangoon.
MALACCA MARU Wednesday, 18th Dec.
SHANGHAI, KORE & YOKOHAMA
TERUKUNI MARU Tuesday, 15th Dec.
KITANO MARU (Calls direct) .. Monday, 21st Dec.
* Burns Philp Line, Joint Passenger Agents: Gibb Livingston
TELEPHONE 30291

MAIL SCHEDULES

AIR MAIL

Imperial Airways via Singapore
Bandung-Amsterdam via Singapore
Sukow-Minneapolis via Singapore

Singapore-Australia
Correspondence will be accepted for transmission by these services. Rates and all particulars are shown in the schedules exhibited at the Post Office. All letters etc. must be marked "By Air Mail" and be handed in the Post Office.

The Money Order Office is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. except on Saturdays when it closes at 12 noon and on Sundays and Holidays when it is entirely closed.

NEW YEAR PARCEL MAIL

The New Year Parcel Mail for Great Britain will be closed in the General Post Office and Kowloon Central Post Office at 8 p.m. on Tuesday the 17th November per a "Proclamation."

This mail is due to arrive at London on the 23rd December.

CHRISTMAS PARCEL MAIL FOR CANADA

The Christmas Parcel Mail for Canada will be closed in the General Post Office and Kowloon Central Post Office at 8 p.m. on Tuesday the 24th November per an "Express" of Russia.

This mail is due to arrive at Victoria B.C. on the 12th December.

On and after the 5th December, the letter box at the Canton Steamer Wharf will be abolished. Correspondence intended to go by the night steamer to Canton after the mail has closed in the General Post Office at 8 p.m. must be posted at the Shanghai Post Office up to the following times:

Weekdays 9.30 p.m.
Sundays & Holidays 8.00 p.m.

INWARD MAIL FROM EUROPE

Rajputana (via Suez) 10th Dec.
Menethus 20th Dec.

FROM JAPAN

Anjo Maru 10th Dec.
Ezuchi 11th Dec.
Dairaku Maru 14th Dec.
Maloca Maru 15th Dec.

FROM STRAITS & INDIA

Philocetes 10th Dec.
Rajputana 18th Dec.
Terukuni Maru 15th Dec.

FROM SHANGHAI

Ranchi 11th Dec.
Antenor 15th Dec.
Prest. Doumer 15th Dec.

OUTWARD MAIL FOR EUROPE

R.M.A. Dorado (Imperial Airways Direct Service) 11th Dec.
Reg. 5 p.m.
Ord. 8.30 a.m.
Emp. of Japan (via Vancouver) 11th Dec.

OUTWARD MAIL FOR AUSTRALIA

Ixion (via Victoria) 12th Dec.
Ranchi (K.L.M. Service) 12th Dec.
Reg. 9.30 p.m.
Ord. 10.00 p.m.

OUTWARD MAIL FOR NEW ZEALAND

Reg. 12.45 p.m.
Ord. 1.30 p.m.
Terukuni Maru (via Sydney) 15th Dec.

FOR SHANGHAI

Rajputana 11th Dec.
D'Artagnan 12th Dec.
Emp. of Japan 13th Dec.

TERUKUNI MARU

Reg. 5 p.m.
Ord. 9.30 p.m.

(Continued at Foot of Next Col.)



LONDON SERVICE

ANTEROPE Sails 18 Dec. for Marseilles, London, Rotterdam, and Glasgow.
AJAX Sails 30 Dec. for Marseilles, Casablanca, London, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and Glasgow.

LIVERPOOL SERVICE

ATREUS Sails 1 Jan. for Havre, Liverpool and Bromborough.

NEW YORK SERVICE

GLAUCUS Sails 25 Jan. for Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore via Manila, Batavia, Straits, and Cape of Good Hope.

PACIFIC SERVICE

(via KOBE & NAGOYA)
ION Sails 12 Dec. for Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle.

ENWARD SERVICE

PHILOCETES Due 10 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.
MINESTHEUS Due 20 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.
TEZERIAS Due 28 Dec. from U.K. via Straits.

Special reduced fares are quoted for cargo steamers with limited passenger accommodation.

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TRAVEL A.-O. LINE

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Hong Kong to Sydney - 12 Days

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(Australian Newspapers on Board)

CHANGTE 1st Port 15 Dec. 18 Dec. 2 Jan.

TAIPEING 7 Jan. 18 Jan. 16 Feb. 1 Feb.

CHANGTE 2 Feb. 15 Feb. 16 Feb. 3 Mar.

TAIPEING 2 Mar. 19 Mar. 4 Apr.

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"WHO'S THERE?"

"ANNA"

"ANNA WHO?"

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All replies under this heading must be called for.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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FOR SALE

HONG KONG DOLLAR DIRECTORY 1936.—On sale at all Book-stalls and at the Offices of the Publishers, 3A, Wyndham Street.

LAMMERT BROS.

AUCTIONEERS, APPRAISERS AND SURVEYORS.

— Public Auctions —

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on Wednesday, the 9th, December, 1936

commencing at 2.30 p.m. at their Sales Room, No. 25 Hankow Road, Kowloon.

A Fine Assortment of Dressed Dolls and Toys On View from Tuesday, the 8th, December, 1936.

Terms: Cash on Delivery LAMMERT BROS., Auctioneers, Hong Kong, 3rd December, 1936.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on Saturday, the 12th, December, 1936

commencing at 11.00 a.m. at their Sales Room, Duddell Street

A Selection of Suit Length and Overcoatings (British Manufacture) also

An Assortment of Fancy Goods (Suitable for Xmas) comprising:— Dressing Sets, Crystals, Scent Bottles, Sprays, Novelties, etc., etc.

and Diamond Rings and Jewellery. On View from Friday, the 11th, December, 1936.

Terms: Cash on Delivery LAMMERT BROS., Auctioneers, Hong Kong, 5th Dec., 1936.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

Thursday, the 10th, December, commencing at 11.00 a.m. at their Sales Room, Duddell Street

241 Tins Canned Goods (in small lots).

29 Tins "12 o'clock" Cigarettes, 16 Coils "Gandy" Baking, also

A Quantity of Valuable Household and Office Furniture, and

Radios and Radio Parts. Terms: Cash on Delivery LAMMERT BROS., Auctioneers, Hong Kong, 8th Dec., 1936.

THE Undersigned have received instructions to sell by Public Auction on

Friday, the 11th, Dec., 1936 commencing at 5.15 p.m. at their Sales Room, Duddell Street

A Valuable Collection of Postage Stamps

On View from Wednesday the 9th, December 1936.

Terms: Cash on Delivery LAMMERT BROS., Auctioneers, Hong Kong, 8th Dec., 1936.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ENGINEERS & SHIPBUILDERS

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GENERAL NOTICES

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

DRAFT PROGRAMMES and ENTRY FORMS for the THIRTEENTH EXTRA RACE MEETING to be held on SATURDAY 19th December, 1936 (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Exchange Building; the Club House, Happy Valley; the Hong Kong Club; the Sports Club; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries CLOSE at 12 o'clock NOON on THURSDAY, 10th December, 1936.

By Order,
S. A. SLEAP,
Actg. Secretary.

Now On Sale
THE CHINA YEAR BOOK
(18th edition) 1936

The China Year Book is an indispensable reference book on China; it arms its reader with all material necessary for forming correct judgments on the Far Eastern situation and embodies all important documents and statistics of the year.

Among the subjects dealt with by foreign and Chinese experts in the eighteenth edition are the following:—Sweeping, Tangku Truce Agreement, "New Life Weekly" Incident, Hirota Three-Point Programme, Soviet-Otter Mongol Protocol, Mongol Territory in Manchukuo, Leith-Ross Mission, Currency Position, etc.

Price \$18.

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BRIDGE NOTES

Recognising A Forcing Pass
By Ely Culbertson

Almost all players are familiar with bridge terms, but a great many are hazy as to their exact meaning and this is much more important, their correct application. The term "forcing pass" falls into this category.

The test of whether a pass is of the forcing or garden variety is just this: Has your partner's previous bidding been such as to indicate strongly that he expects you to take some action over his final pass? If so, you are under an obligation to follow his advice, and either double for penalties or go on with your own bidding. The situation in to-day's hand being typical, is worthy of study by those players who are not quite certain about the forcing pass.

South, dealer.

NORTH
S.—A 3
H.—A J 9 8
D.—7 5 4
C.—K 6 3 2

WEST
S.—K Q 10 7 4 2
H.—5 2
D.—K J
C.—J 7 4

EAST
S.—J 9 8
H.—Q 4
D.—10 9 5 2
C.—A 10 9 8

SOUTH
S.—6 5
H.—K 10 7 6 3
D.—A Q 8 2
C.—Q 5

The bidding:

South West North East
Pass Pass 1 heart Pass

3 hearts Pass Pass Pass

4 hearts Pass pass 4 spades

Pass Pass Pass

North was so obsessed with the fact that he had made a featherweight bid that he lost sight of the implications of each successive bid around the table. He was correct in passing to West's bid of three spades, first, because he had no additional values of any description and, secondly, because partner by his jump bid, had assumed a certain amount of control over the North-South destinies. The fact that East failed to raise the spades until he was forced to do so, over South's rebid to four hearts, quite escaped North's attention. But this was minor compared to the implication in South's pass to four spades. Few things could be more logical than to assume that South had not boosted the opponents into a game contract that he thought they had a chance to make. Thus his pass, far from being a confession of weakness, was purely a case of posing the decision, in other words, a forcing pass. Once having determined that South expected him to make a decision, North should have had no difficulty in choosing the correct one. His hand, with its 4-4-3-2 distribution, was much better suited to defence than to offence, particularly in the rarefied atmosphere of the four and five bidding levels. True, no great loss resulted from his failure to double, since the opponents' contract was defeated only two tricks, not vulnerable. The 200 points difference was not nearly as important as the fact that North could not recognise a forcing pass when he heard one.

WORLD'S DULLEST PROFESSION

Interesting Talk At
Rotary Tiffin

With his collection of reminiscences gathered from various places where he has served as an auditor, Mr. P. L. Collison, O.R.E. Colonial Auditor of Hong Kong, evoked considerable laughter from a large gathering at the weekly tiffin of the Rotary Club held yesterday, when he delivered an amusing address on "Oddities of Audit."

Mr. Collison said his profession, besides being the oldest, was surely one of the dullest, but he could still laugh, although he realised his sanity might perhaps be a matter of opinion!

The function was held at the Zoo Garden of the Hong Kong Hotel, and the possibility of having to look for another venue was mentioned, as the result of the decision of the management of the Hotel to increase the cost of tiffin.

Mr. W. N. Thomas, Vice-President of the Club, presided and addressed the audience of Rotarians, Councillor and Tiffin, who had been Mr. U. S. Wong and Mr. S. P.

RADIO

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME

The following programme will broadcast to-day from the Hong Kong Broadcasting Station Z.E.W. on a wavelength of 355 metres, (345 kcs), 3149 metres, (9.52 megacycles).

VOLONCELO RECITAL BY
SUSAN JONES

VOCAL RECITAL

E.R.T. 12.30-2.15 p.m.—European Programmes

12.30 p.m.—The R.R.C. Wireless Military Band.

1 p.m.—Local: Time Signal and Weather Report.

1.05 p.m.—Four French Songs by Albert Prejean.

1.16 p.m.—Octets.

1.30 p.m.—Enter Press, Rugby Press; Local: Time, Weather Forecast and Announcements.

1.40 p.m.—Variety.

2.15 p.m.—Close Down.

4.7 p.m.—Chinese Programme.

7-11 p.m.—European Programme.

7 p.m.—Hawaiian Melodies.

Mama Loo Kamui and Lula

Samoan Love Song Andy Ione and His Islanders.

Lei Gardenia Song of the Islands

Royal Hawaiian Band

On the Dreamy Moana Shore

Tropical Hibiscus South Sea Islanders.

7.20 p.m.—Three Songs by the Boswell Sisters.

I met my Waterloo.

Lullaby of Broadway.

7.30 p.m.—Closing Local Stock Quotations and Hong Kong Exchange Market Report.

7.35 p.m.—Alfredo Campoli and His Concert Orchestra.

Wedding Dance Waltz (Lindes).

Mazoyer Melodies (Vilmos, etc., Piercy).

Caro Mio (Sievier and Prisker).

Old Bohemian Town (Marsden and Kennedy).

Your heart called mine (Edgar Lewinick-Hayen).

Vienne in Springtime (Leon-Dominic Pelosi).

Obstination (Fontenailles, arr. Crook).

Tango Habanera (Payan, arr. Hartley).

8 p.m.—Local: Time, Signal Weather Report and Announcements.

8.05 p.m.—From the Studio.

A Recital by Albert A. Barton (Baritone) and Violet McGowan (Soprano).

Soprano Solos—

An Eriksay Love Lift (Kennedy-Fraser).

Silent Noon (Vaughan Williams).

Eye up and reach the stars (Eric Coates).

Baritone Solos—

Bones of Picardy (Haydn Wood).

Somewhere a voice is calling (Arthur F. Tate).

8.35 p.m.—Two Strauss Waltzes.

Doctrines.

When the lemon bloom (Johann Strauss and Symphony Orchestra).

8.45 p.m.—From the Studio.

A Violin Solo Recital by Susan Jones, A.R.C.M.

De Haagse Melij.

Contredans.

Old Dutch Folk Tunes and Dances (arr. Jelina Tostien).

Andaluz (Granados).

Requiebres (Garcia Camba).

9 p.m.—London—News and Announcements.

10.30 p.m.—Variety Items.

Vocal—

Sing Gipsy Sing Anous Wim.

Saxophone Solo—

Schoen Rosmarin Marcel Mille.

Accordion Solo—

Canzona Gigetto Castoncelli.

Vocal—

A Broken Rosary James Melton (Tenor).

Instrumental—

Wedding Chimes The Brothers Bertini.

Vocal—

When did you leave heaven? Francis Langford.

Instrumental—

Le Jave da Rata Prof. Giuseppe Giacchino (arr. Modigliani).

9.45 p.m.—From the Studio.

A Picnicante Recital by Lillian Quinn.

St. Kevins



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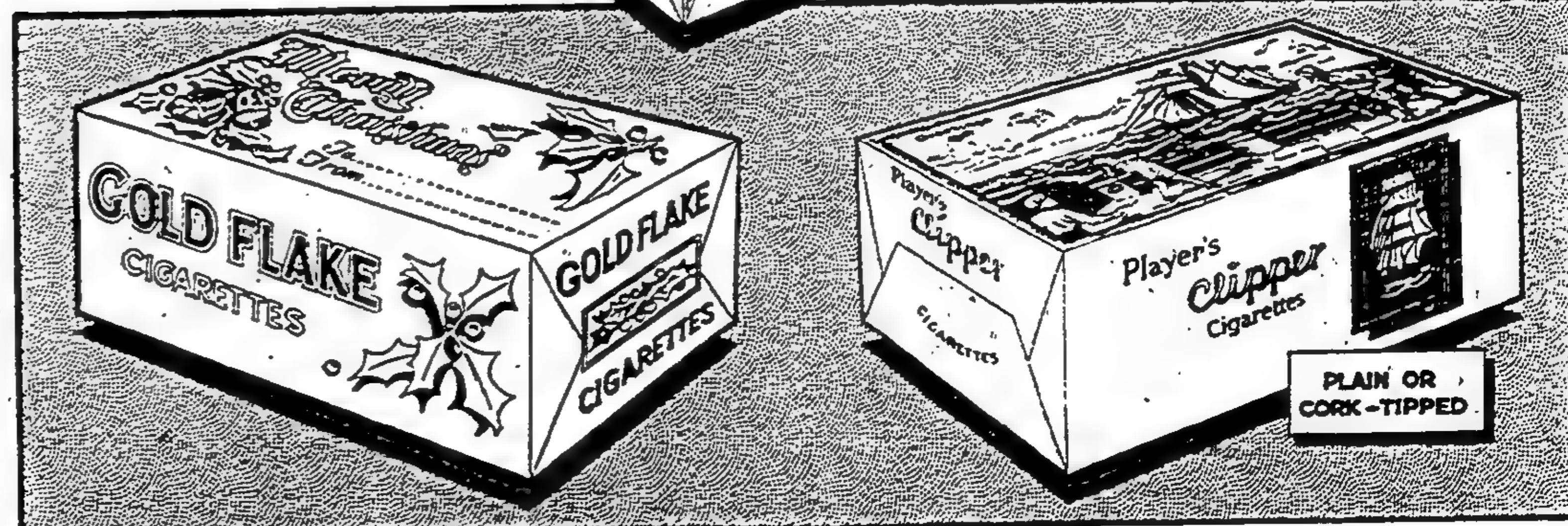
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MANHATTAN CAROL

(By Stephen Vincent Benét)

THE red-flannel-clad Santa Clauses were ringing their bells—
they were ringing their bells all the time. It seemed to Dan Fenton, standing at the high window of the hotel, as if he could hear them over all the other noises of New York. It wasn't true, of course. But as the taxi roared out of its rabbit-hole under the Grand Central, he had seen one, weakly shaking his bell on a corner—and that had been enough. They had moved General Sherman, and built huge, new shafts toward the sky. They had changed the colours of the cabs, and the traffic-lights on the Avenue were different. The girls like Diana Corey would go dancing on other dance-floors than the dance-floors of 1925, and the young men just out of college would have a different patter. But New York was still New York—the mammoth and gilded apple; and he, Dan Fenton, after ten years of exile, was back in it at last.

Incidentally, it was his and Trina's honeymoon; and he must remember that. They hadn't had a real honeymoon when they were married in '26. Just five days in Chicago—then he'd had to get back to the new job. And then there had been the children and the responsibilities, the boom and the slump and the rebuilding. Twice before, they had had their bags packed for New York and once for Europe—but always something had happened to keep them in Range City. And oddly enough, he'd never been as disappointed as Trina thought. But now, here they were in the Plaza: He'd always meant to have a suite in the Plaza—a suite on the Avenue side.

Trina wasn't scared, but she was a little self-conscious. It was odd to be self-conscious with each other, when you'd been married nine years. But he'd talked so much about New York, especially when they first met—when he was the young new superintendent from the East, and she was Judge Bursch's daughter, and as different from Diana Corey as Range City was from New York. A swift child, straight as an Indian, with a queer Indian shyness, and a mind as direct as a man's. He'd felt very much older and wiser—now he wasn't quite so sure. But they'd fallen in love—and married. And it was love, thought Dan Fenton defiantly—or why should Trina be happy? And Scotty and Janice were swell kids, and the business was going well enough for people like Levinson to be seriously interested, and if things broke right, he'd have Trina's portrait painted next year. She wanted a young American painter he'd never heard of—it was queer, how much she knew about things like that. Like her knowing about the old hibby that had come from the Fenton house in Vermont. And when stray celebrities, from governors to lecturing English novelists, arrived in Range City, it was Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Fenton who entertained them, by right. And they'd written Dan Fenton's name in on quite a lot of ballots in the last mayoralty election—and he'd twice had his picture in *Time*... And ten years ago, on a gray winter day in Christmas week much like this, he had said good-bye to Diana Corey in the green-and-silver living-room of a certain apartment on Park Avenue, and walked blindly across town afterward, with his life, as he thought, in ruins, and all the red-flannel Santa Clauses ringing their bells... And Trina must never know. But once you had bitten the gilded apple, you did not forget it in life.

That was why, up to the very last moment, he had hoped that something would prevent this trip as it had prevented others. Yes, even to measles for the children, and his having to go alone. He could have stood it alone—he'd have gone to his college club, and called up people like Hie Avery and Julian Abbott, and never have cared if they remembered him or not. He'd have looked for Angelo's or Maria's, and found them gone with prohibition, and the ghost would have been laid. But with Trina, it was different. For his whole life in New York—the three years he had spent there after college—was bound up with his tempestuous courtship of Diana Corey.

And that was something you couldn't explain to your wife. You couldn't stop at a certain remembered street-corner and say: "At this historic spot, just eleven years and a half ago, a young lady named Diana Corey and I became engaged. We were riding in a Checker cab at the time, and the engagement was broken three weeks later at a dance at Southampton. It was renewed, oddly enough, the following November in the Harvard Stadium, and broken again, if I remember correctly, at a ball in the Ritz. I was making thirty dollars a week, but they'd thought rather well of me at college, and I meant to conquer New York. Miss Corey was extremely beautiful, and one of the four really celebrated debutantes of her year. She has since married a millionaire and divorced him, a polo-player and divorced him, and is at present married to an Englishman named Nigel Ridley. She has been presented at Court, danced with the Prince of Wales, shot lions in Africa, ridden an aquaplane in full evening dress at Antibes and been photographed in colour smoking Mammal cigarettes on the back covers of all the best American magazines. She sounds, I admit, quite poisonous. She has gray eyes, honey-coloured hair, a crooked left little finger, and the smallest mouth in the world. And if she had whistled to me any time up to and including our wedding-day, I would have come to her from the ends of the earth. So Merry Christmas, darling—I can't help it if everything in New York reminds me of her, but I shall try to be as much of a gentleman about it as I can."

No, that could hardly be said. And yet that was what was going to happen—he had felt it begin as the train pulled out of Chicago. Fortunately, Trina had been too excited to notice, so far. And to-morrow would be all right, and the next day—there would



be business conferences for him and shopping for her, and theatres in the evening for both of them. But after that, there would be Christmas. And Christmas was, or should be, a family feast.

They could call up the children on Christmas morning—eat restaurant turkey and solemnly go to a movie or a night-club. But the spirit wouldn't be in it, and a wraith would sit beside them—a glittering wraith from the past. And Trina's self-consciousness would harden, and he would smoke too many cigarettes. He couldn't share New York with her as she'd shared the West with him—the wraith stood between them. And yet, coming back to it now, he felt the old urge, the old passion, the fantastic hunger for conquest that had crowded the tall towers toward the sky. They should have accepted the Levinsons' invitation and eaten a decorative dinner at the great house at Still Brook among strangers... They should never have come at all.

He turned and saw Trina, methodically and skillfully unpacking. There was excited colour in her cheeks, but her square white hands—the hands of a capable little girl—moved deftly and precisely.

"You haven't even looked out the window!" he said half-angrily.

"Come on—let's go out and see the town!"

She gave him a quick smile and shook her head.

"You go ahead, Dan," she said. "I know you're aching to. I just want to get a few things straight first—and my head's still going up and down with the train. And I want a bath and a finger-wave and my black dress pressed and—oh, dozens of things: 'Range City Matron Faces New York with a Smile,' " she added unexpectedly. "And I wish I hadn't bought those shoes in Chicago. They're just a big mistake."

"Oh, you look fine," said Dan Fenton. "You look swell."

"Uh-huh," said Trina. "I must! Well, I'll look better this evening. I told you I'd be scared of this damn' place, Dan Fenton, and I am. Just a girl from the Great Open Spaces. I should have brought my faithful horse. Oh, Dan—you should have gone to the Levinsons'."

"Oh, that's all right," said Dan Fenton uncomfortably. Her voice was nervous, for Trina's voice, and she only talked that way when she was trying to hide that Indian shyness of hers. There was, somehow, an invisible wall between them—a wall that had grown with the last hours on the train. Well, if she wanted it that way, it would have to be that way.

"They're only business acquaintances," he said. "And I guess we can stir up a Christmas turkey here."

"Oh, it'll be fun," she said dutifully. She went on unpacking.

"Well," said Dan Fenton, after a minute, "if you're really going to do all that, I suppose the old man might as well—"

As he turned down the Avenue, Dan Fenton drew a deep breath—a breath of exhilaration. If Trina was in one of her odd moods, she'd feel better after dinner—and during the theatre, they'd hardly have to talk at all. Meanwhile there were the gray sky and the long princely street and the hurrying crowds. It was all very different and was all the same—the rich, glowing windows and the frantic braying of horns, the tall Irish policemen and the women in the rich furs, the desperate last-minute shoppers and the red-ribboned wreaths in the florists. The ten years slipped from his shoulders—he walked in a dream. He had never been married—he had never had children. He was Dan Fenton again—one of a thousand young men newly hatched from the colleges, come down to the tallest city to look for the gilded apple, each one of them utterly sure that it lay within his grasp.

He sauntered southward in a leisurely manner—it was hard to saunter, when the street was so alive; but even the jostlings and the noise seemed familiar and pleasant. The St. Regis was still there, and the Cathedral with its wide steps. He disapproved, jealously, a little, of Radio City—it had not been built in his time. But one mustn't be an old-timer about things—and it couldn't have been built anywhere but in New York. A sudden view, in a shop-



window, of his hat, condemned it forever. It made him look like a prosperous Midwestern business man—the kind of fellow who might run for mayor. That might be what he was, but he didn't have to look it.

He rushed into the nearest store, and despite great difficulties, bought a hat, four ties, an automatic three-colour pencil and a malacca stick. He very nearly bought a pair of sleeve-links with horses' heads upon them—all Junior Year, in college, he had wanted a pair of sleeve-links with horses' heads. To make up for these extravagances, he retraced his steps to Cartier's, and bought and paid for in cash a tiny, glittering and extremely expensive cigarette-case for Trina. She very seldom used cigarette-cases, but it somehow made him feel better to buy it. Then he thought, "Theatre tickets!" and directed his steps toward his college club.

He emerged from the club, half an hour later, with an extraordinary mixture of emotions. The man at the door hadn't recognized him, but the head porter had. Little Mike, who had always taken care of the theatre-tickets, was gone. The stuffed fish was still on the grill-room wall, but they had changed the location of the bar, and all the members visible were either incredibly old or seemed barely weaned. A young gentleman with his own club hat-band had given him a frankly humorous stare, and an old gentleman with indigestion had looked at him as one looks at a noisy child. He had called up Hig Avery and Julian Abbott, and been informed that neither would be back in town until after New Year's Day. On the other hand, a man in 1921 whose name he still could not remember had greeted him warmly and tried to lead the conversation tactfully around to insurance. The club was perfectly fine; but if he and Trina ever moved to New York, he would join another one—after all, college clubs were for youth.

If they ever moved to New York? Well, after all, why shouldn't they? Trina would hate it, of course—she had been brought up in the friendliness of the West, and liked spaces better than crowds. But there were the children to consider. They loved the Range City life—but they had never had anything else. And somehow or other, in his last talk with Levinson, he had got the idea that Levinson was angling for him. There had certainly been the mention, "We need men like you in the East, Fenton. And after all, you're a born New Englander, aren't you?" All very flattering—he had taken it merely as such. But supposing Levinson put up a real proposition. It meant uprooting ten years' work, but—the golden apple again! He breathed deeply—the golden apple! Perhaps, sometime, when they had their own place on Park Avenue, they would give a little dinner for Diana Corey and her husband, a quiet, perfect dinner—

He whirled, suddenly—he had left his stick in the club, like a fool; he'd have to get used to carrying one. As he whirled, he jostled a pile of packages which a woman in silver fox-furs was just handing to a chauffeur. The packages flew—the two men scrambled for them. Dan Fenton straightened up, with a package in his hand—and found himself looking into Diana Corey's eyes.

The flash came instantly. He had never imagined meeting her like this—it was something to happen after long preparation. But now it was happening, incredibly, causally, accidentally, on a crowded sidewalk, in front of a store, with the Santa Claus bells in his ears! And it was right, it was true. He knew, with an odd exultation, that they'd neither of them had to think of a name.

Her firm, light hand was in his. "Well," she said, in the voice he remembered, "old friends meet again. You're well, Dan—you're very well. I'm so glad. And you've got a moustache—I like it."

"I've got a cane too—a malacca one," he said solemnly. "But I left it in the club. Remember how you used to warn me about carrying canes?"

They both laughed, helplessly. She beat her hands together in the old impulsive gesture.

"Oh, Dan Fenton!" she said. "It's too good to be true. When on earth—"

"To-day," he said, "on a train. And why aren't you at—Do you know it's been ten years?"

"Do you know what we're doing?" she said: "You're getting right into this car, and then we can talk. Oh, a long one! With a cocktail, maybe, to help it. Is your wife with you? Yes, I knew. But she can do without you for half an hour—and I'm just on my way home. And I want you to meet Nigel, of course—though he won't be back just yet."

The back of the chauffeur's head was a different shape from Gaston's, and the ear was different. But she was wearing the same scent, or one like it—a delicate, clear fragrance that made him remember many things. She was older—she was a woman instead of a girl, but that could make no difference. Her eyes were still gray as evening—he couldn't quite see her hair under the close hat. He heard their voices talking hurriedly—when you met somebody again, you always talk like that. You asked about old servants and families and said what you thought of the book or the play or the Government. But as soon as they were alone, they'd talk as they'd talked in the old days. Already he could feel the magic rising. It bothered him a little that her finger-nails were bright red—it was perfectly all right; but they hadn't been red, ten years ago.

The limousine slowed at a canopy—the chauffeur opened the door. Dan Fenton caught a glimpse of himself in the car mirror as he descended. The new hat, somehow, made him look unfamiliar—it was a rather collegiate hat. Well, dammit, he wasn't old! "You're a little heavier, Dan, but it's quite becoming," said Diana Corey thoughtfully.

"And you're—just the same," said Dan Fenton gallantly. Then he wondered if the door-man had heard him, and dismissed the thought. After all, he was used to door-men—or had been. And Diana was Diana. When they finally got to her apartment, his collar wouldn't feel quite so uncomfortably tight.

The mirror-lined interior of the small and jewel-like elevator reflected sixteen Dianas and sixteen Dan Fentons in a diminishing sequence. That was a little confusing, but it didn't matter either, for this was a fated moment, and very soon the magic would begin. Only, it was hard to talk in an elevator, and even harder to talk when you were taking off your hat and coat. Diana seemed to find no difficulty in talking—but then, she never had. Her swift, pretty voice went on—a trifle higher than he remembered it, but then he was used to Trina's. She was talking about somebody named Buzz who was marvellous fun and gave screaming imitations of Admiral Byrd with a bath-towel. Dan Fenton gathered that Buzz was either somebody named Lord Marchendale or else the brother of somebody named Winks who was divine. But whether Winks was a man or a girl, he was not quite sure. Perhaps he had better not talk of Winks—from a recent turn in the conversation, Winks might well be a dog.

"And here, as they say," said Diana, welcoming him into a living-room, "we are. You know, Dan, it's really a pity you never came while I was married to Bruce and we lived in that marble mausoleum of his on Fifth Avenue. We gave dinner-parties for forty, and it hardly made a dot on the landscape. But this is a nice little town, don't you think?"

"Well, I wouldn't give it back to the Indians quite yet," said Dan Fenton, staring about the large and gleaming room.

She disappeared. Dan Fenton wandered vaguely about the unquiet room.

A maid in a cherry-coloured uniform brought in a cocktail-tray and vanished. Trina had once tried cherry-coloured uniforms for their maids, but had given it up. She said it reminded her of grape ice-cream. And why on earth should he be thinking of that, when he was waiting for Diana and the magic? . . . And now Diana was here.

Her hair was darker or something, with the hat off. But of course she was the same. He smiled at her, over his glass.

"Well, here's to crime and punishment," he said. It was their old toast—the youthful one. And there were other things they'd said—little intimate catchwords. He'd remember them in a minute or two.

She sighed: "Oh, Dan, it's good to see you again!" She said: "Tell me all about yourself—your life-story. Please!"

He took a deep breath. "Well," he said, "when I first got to Range City—maybe you saw the article the other day in *Time*—"

"I want to hear all about it!" she said earnestly. "Dan, tell me—honestly, now—do I look years older?"

"Not a month," said Dan Fenton, staring at his glass.

"You're a seraph." She looked at him. "Of course gray's becoming, in a man. Oh, Dan, there's so much I want to ask you. But we've got loads of time, before the other people come."

"The other people?" said Dan Fenton.

"Oh, Sue Damian—people like that. I don't know how they all started coming in for cocktails," she said prettily. "Nigel calls it the Barflies' Paradise—he's too divine and English about anything but whisky-and-soda. But you'll love Sue, Damian. She's too ravishing. And Bunny." She laughed appreciatively. "Bunny Angus, of course."

(Continued on Page 30)



EVERY evening it was the same. At seven the ship was a ghost-ship, creaking and pitching and throbbing, and the reverberating echo of the pre-dinner gong was like some aboriginal mourning wail. So it was for half an hour, while the passengers dressed; and then, gradually, the decks and public rooms awoke. For on the *S.S. Regina*, life began at seven-forty.

It was at seven-forty also that the Greshams were wont to meet Isabel Ferris in the bar for cocktails. They made a point of meeting her, not only because they were sorry for her, but because she was their table-mate, and by their own request. "Put us with a bridal couple," Chloe had pleaded with the dining-steward. "We've been married four years, and we'd like to see if they're still turning them out in the same old pattern." Whereupon the steward, smiling the smile of a fellow-conspirator, had run an enquiring pencil down his list and said: "I'll put you with Ferris—Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris of London. Yes?"

"An English bridal couple," Chloe had exclaimed. "That'll be fine. It'll be sort of an experiment—to find out if they act human." Two of their six weeks' vacation had been spent in England, and Chloe hadn't particularly liked it.

"They won't, replied Walter, who had liked England even less than Chloe. "They probably don't even speak to each other."

And furthermore, they didn't—at least not in the Greshams' presence! It was heartless to laugh; it was the token of a vulgar mentality and a perverted sense of humour; but—it was a joke, after all. Their interest had been aroused when no one had appeared to claim the two vacant chairs at breakfast or at luncheon; and Chloe, elevating her eyebrows in polite scepticism, had said: "So they don't speak to each other, you psychologist! Looks to me as if

they don't even want to see anybody else, they're that enraptured."

"You wait," advised Walter. "Love's dream can't last forever."

And so, curiously, they had waited, with Chloe laying a modest bet that no one would show up for dinner, either. She was just about to collect her winnings that evening when, as they were starting on the soup, one of the chairs opposite was drawn back, and some one sat down—a rather beautiful girl with great dark eyes and lovely shoulders. Walter's knee nudged Chloe's, with a pressure that meant, "Pardon me, but I believe you owe me fifty cents," then nudged again with another pressure that signified: "She is what I personally would term a looker." After which, he proceeded to introduce himself.

It was obvious from the beginning that the girl was with them in the flesh only; for as she spoke, with a shy reserve at first, her glance kept straying to the empty plate beside her. She was also, as her accent informed them, as American as they themselves were.

All through that long meal they chatted—of the choppy sea, of the weather, of almost everything, in fact, except the missing spouse. By degrees it came out that the girl had made this same passage eastbound, only a month ago; that she lived in Chicago, that she hated what little she had seen of England (there was a bond!) Yet nothing else came out; and at last Chloe, the woman desperate, said brightly: "The steward tells us this is your wedding journey."

The girl lowered her eyelashes shyly; not coyly, but shyly. "Yes," she said. "We were married three weeks ago at Oxford, where my husband was doing postgraduate work, and now we're going home."

There was a waiting silence after that, during which Chloe's enquiring eyes asked: "All

right, lady, where is he, then? Don't tell me you've reached the parting of the ways already."

And even more shyly, the girl spoke, as if in answer to the unput question. "Jack, my husband, is—she flushed defensively—'is seasick."

That was at dessert, and it was then that Chloe's features congealed in rigid self-suppression, not to relax until she had gained the seclusion of the cabin and lay helpless in her own merriment.

"Seasickness is not essentially a 'humorous ailment,'" reproved Walter. "as you would realise if you'd been born with anything besides the constitution of an ox—though a very charming ox, I grant. I was seasick once," he said, shuddering, "and that man has my deepest sympathy. Even—and then his own lips began to twitch suspiciously—"even if he is a bridegroom."

"A seasick bride," giggled Chloe. "is bad enough, although of course she can act flowerlike in the Elizabeth Barrett Browning manner. But a seasick bridegroom! Oh!" And then, with an effort, she sat erect and wiped her eyes. "I'm terrible," she acknowledged. "For penance I intend to be very nice to her."

Both of them were nice to her, because they liked her. Together they went to the movies, gazed at the stars—"Jack asks me about the stars," confided Mrs. Ferris, blushing—and promenaded the deck while the music from the ballroom floated past them to lose itself in the inky depths of the Atlantic ocean.

She would not dance, even with Walter. "Jack wants me to have a good time," she explained, "but somehow it doesn't seem quite right for me to dance when he's down there alone."

"I think," argued Chloe, "that you're devoted enough to him as it is—never even coming up on deck until evening. If you will forgive an old wife's tale," she said, "that man sounds to me like a Bluebeard. The idea is to break them in at once, you know. Don't daily."

Mrs. Ferris' face was dreamy. "No, no," she said. "You don't understand Jack at all. He's—he's wonderful."

"Chloe, the years have dulled your sensibilities," Walter pointed out when they were alone; "but there was a time when even you paid some attention to your husband's whims. Myself, I regard Mrs. Ferris' attitude as very touching. Slightly idealistic, perhaps, but distinctly touching."

"And I," retorted Chloe, "think it's silly. If you should ask me, I believe I'm taking a strong dislike to Mr. Jack Ferris."

"Anyone who supplies his wife with a fresh orchid every night is not," he observed, "entirely devoid of tenderness."

"Orchids!" She shrugged. "What's an orchid after seven, when you've had to be cooped up all day in a stuffy cabin, like a paid nurse, in order to earn it?"

(Continued on Page 28)

HONEYMOON

By Richard Sherman

Every evening they inquired solicitously concerning the invalid's health—Walter with the genuine anxiety of one whom lightning has struck once and may strike again. Chloe with a touch of irony; and every evening Mrs. Ferris gave them her report. "He's a little better today. Perhaps he can come up on deck to-morrow if it's calmer." But to-morrow never was calmer—it was merely worse; and so he still remained below.

Yet wherever they might go, Jack Ferris was always with them. He joined them in the bar when his wife ordered Daiquiris: "You see, Jack never drinks any other kind of cocktail." She must buy two keno boards in order that she might play one of them for each dime she inserted in the slot-machine, another accompanied it immediately, "for Jack." She even purchased two tickets to the ship's concert, "because Jack told me to," and they sat throughout the performance with the unused chair next to them.

The thought occurred to Chloe first. "Maybe my dramatic sense is running away with me," she said hesitantly, "but what if—what if he's tired of her already, and sends her up each evening just to get rid of her? Idolatry can be—well, a bit boring." She smiled nervously. "Goodness," she said, "wouldn't that be funny?"

Yes, agreed Walter, after a pause, that certainly would be a scream, wouldn't it? Meanwhile, suppose she gave her imagination a rest for a while; apparently it needed one.

And then, looking at each other, they knew that their minds had met.

"Oh, Walter," she said softly. "I couldn't bear that. She loves him so."

"Shut up, my dear," he said. "Shut up."

And now, now in the re-awakened activity of the cocktail hour, they sat in the bar on the last night out, awaiting Mrs. Ferris and her orchid. "Remember the orchid," Chloe comforted herself. "He wouldn't give her an orchid if he didn't love her, would he? Or would he?" They also awaited the newest specimen of what was one of the most elaborate trousseaux they had ever seen. When it came, it proved to be the crowning glory of the lot—a white lace gown that could have been selected with only one goal in view: the captain's dinner. Seeing her, Chloe's heart lifted; surely no man could tire of a woman as beautiful as that.

Mrs. Ferris was gay that evening—gay when she arrived, gay when they left to proceed down to the dining-salon; and at the table she donned her paper hat with the rest of them, although whereas those crepe buffooneries made the other women look either ridiculous or pathetic, hers merely enhanced her charm. The waiter pre-

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AS TOLD BY ST. LUKE

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

AND Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David;) To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

AND the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

AND it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into Heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this Child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

Sing These Hymns Round Your Fireside

OH, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem;

Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven
above!

Sing ye, All glory

To God in the highest!

Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

Yea, Lord, we hail Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given!
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

Oh, come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord!

WHILE shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came
down;

And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he, for mighty
dread

Had seized their troubled
mind,

'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.'

To you, in David's town, this
day

Is born, of David's line,

A Saviour, who is Christ the
Lord;

And this shall be the sign:

'The Heavenly Babe you there
shall find
To human view displayed.'

All meanly wrapped in swath-
ing-bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and
forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high.
Who thus addressed their
song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace!
Goodwill henceforth from Hea-
ven to men
Begin and never cease.'

HARK! the herald angels
sing:
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy
mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the
Spires;
With the angelic host pro-
claim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Chorus
Hark! the herald angels
sing:
Glory to the new-born
King.

Hail the Heaven-born Prince
of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteous-
ness!
Light and life to all He
brings,
Risen with healing in His
wings;
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may
die;
Born to raise the sons of
earth,

Born to give them second
birth.

AS with gladness men of old

Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its
light,

Leading onward, beaming
bright,
So, most gracious God, may
we

Ever more be led by Thee.

As with joyful steps they
sped
To that lowly manger bed,
There to bend the knee be-
fore

Hi whom Heaven and earth
adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the Mercy Seat.

As they offered gifts most
rare
At that manger rude and
bare,

So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's
alloy,
All our costliest treasures
bring.

Christ, to Thee, our Heav-
enly King.

Blessed Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things
are past,

Bring our ransomed souls
at last
Where they need no star to
guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory
hide.

In the Heavenly Country
bright
Need they no created light;
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its
Crown,
Thou, its Sun which goes not

down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

ONCE, in royal David's city,
Stood a lowly cattle shed,

Where a mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.

He came down to earth from
Heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and
lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous
childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love and watch the lowly
mother

In whose gentle arms He
lay,
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pat-
tern;

Day by day like us He grew:
He was little, weak, and help-
less,

Tears and smiles like us He
knew;

And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

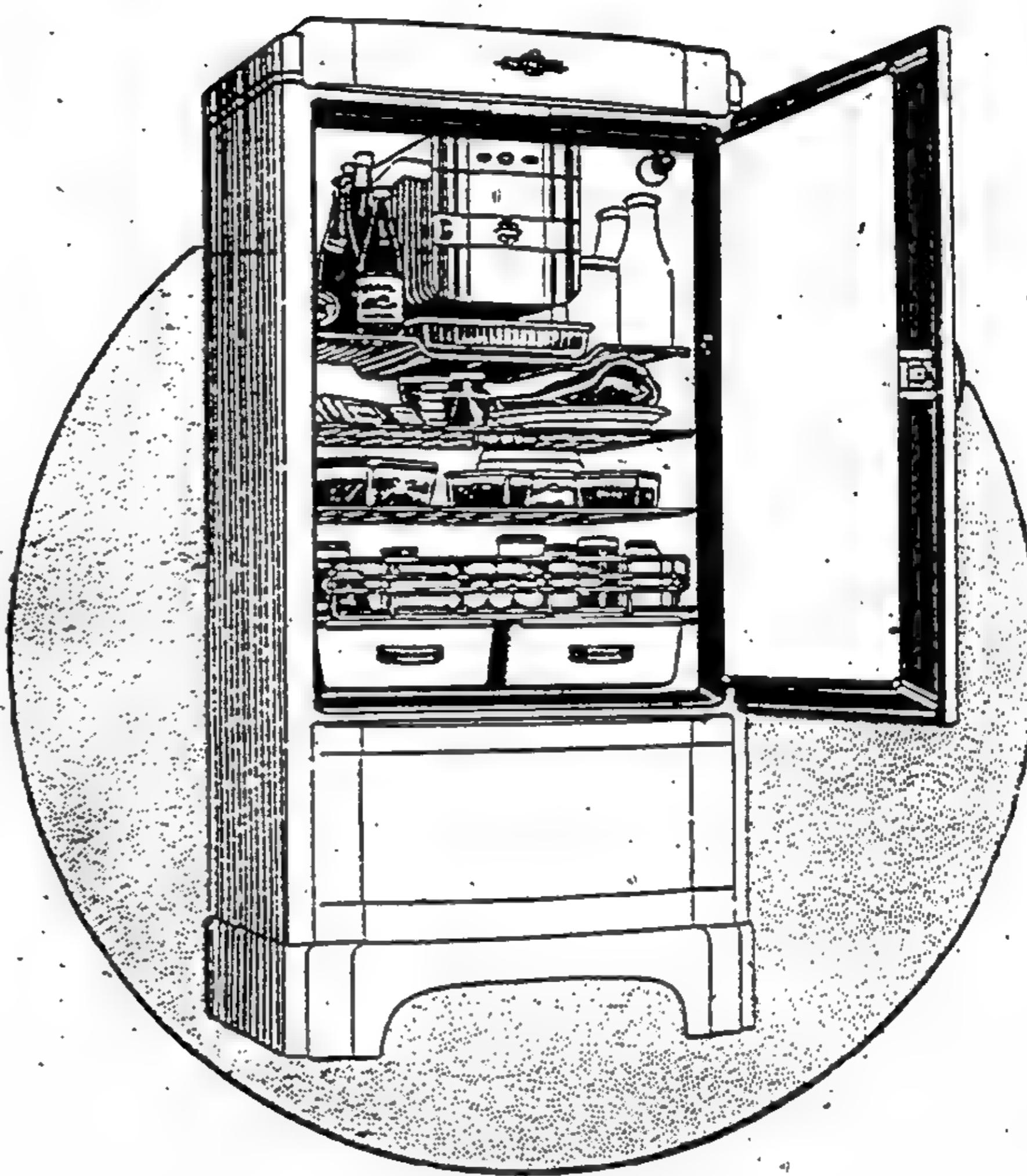
And our eyes at last shall see
Him,
Through His own redeeming
love;

For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven
above.

And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

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KLISMAS

By Joan Hope White

As the little grey-haired lady sat up in bed she drew the fleecy softness of her delicate bed-jacket closer, for this Christmas morning had brought to Lancashire the traditional white covering of snow, and even into the tightly-shuttered room the cutting air seemed to penetrate. On a chair beside her bed was a bedraggled teddy-bear, evidently a precious possession in spite of its age, for it was to it that the old lady turned on waking; her glance rested on its tattered coat, on its torn ear, and the place where the 'eye once was. She smiled. The little boy would never let her have another eye put in, he used to say . . .

As a sharp knock at the door sounded, she leaned over and hurriedly hid the bear under her eiderdown.

"Come in, Donald," she called. "And a very happy Christmas, my dear."

A tall man of perhaps thirty-five years entered quickly and took the little figure in his firm grasp. When he would have talked of plans for the day, his mother interrupted him.

"But, Donald, tell me first about that poor woman — Ethel King. I've been awake such a long time thinking about her and waiting for you to tell me. You came in too late for me to see you last night. They won't send her to prison, will they? You *mustn't* let them!"

The man smiled and patted her arm affectionately.

"Now don't you go worrying your little head about that matter. Why, it's Christmas Day, mother! No time for talking about such depressing things as prisons!"

She shook her head impatiently:

"Don't you see, Donald, that's the very reason why we *should* think of it — more than at any other time? Imagine how that poor young woman feels to-day. What a miserable Christmas it will be for her, not knowing what is going to happen to her and what would become of the children if she is put in prison!"

"Mother, darling, I love you taking an interest in my business affairs at the mill, as you always have, but you must leave this matter to me — and to the law. Stealing can't be allowed to go on in such a huge institution as the mill. You *must* see that — but a woman doesn't understand these questions!"

His mother motioned to him to sit in the chair where, earlier, the bear had been.

"My dear, to you I am an old woman — a beloved one, I know — but still an old woman, whose mind you think isn't capable of dealing with this question of Ethel King's guilt — don't you? Oh, yes, you do," she smiled as he would have interrupted.

"But because I understand this case as you could not pos-

sibly do, I am going to insist on your listening to me — and withdrawing the charge against that poor girl!"

The man's expression hardened, and it was the manager of the mill who answered her.

"That's impossible, mother. You don't seem to realize the charge. That woman deliberately stole materials from the mill. She . . ."

She caught his hand between her white ones, looking appealingly into his face.

"Oh, Donald, I never wanted you to know this. All these years I've kept it from you, but this Ethel King must be helped as I was helped all those years ago. I hate hurting you, but perhaps now when you are such a successful manager of the mill," her eyes were full of pride as she looked at her son, "perhaps it won't hurt as much."

"You see," she went on, still holding his hand between her own, "your father died when he and I were so young, and you were only two years old. There was so little money. The manager of the mill gave me work when he died, but I was ill and had to give it up. You weren't properly nourished, and I hadn't money to buy you the foods you needed . . . Then suddenly you were ill, terribly ill. The doctors and nurses in the hospital were so kind, but I was only one of so many needing their help . . ."

"Mother, I can't bear to think of you suffering like that. I knew we were poor, but I never imagined . . ."

"No, dear, of course you didn't. And all that is behind us now — far behind us. But I must go on with the old story. I spent every minute I could at the hospital with you. I remember I used to look in the shop windows and wish I could take you some little thing to amuse you, but I couldn't!" She raised her arms expressively.

"Then one day I found the doctor and two nurses around your bed. You were tossing your head from side to side, and calling for something they couldn't understand. But I could. You kept saying over and over in a weak little voice, 'Klismas, Klismas.' When you saw me you turned feverishly to me and went on asking for 'Klismas, mummy, Klismas.'"

"But what was 'Klismas'?" the man asked.

"Well, for nearly a year you



had longed for a big teddy-bear in the window of a little shop in High-street — that shop is still there, but much more grand than it was thirty years ago! I always hoped to be able to buy it for you when I had a little money, perhaps at Christmas time. As we walked past the shop you would point to it and say confidently, 'Klismas,' and I would smile confidently into the future and repeat, 'Christmas.' So the bear became 'Klismas' to us both. Then it disappeared. Christmas had passed, and I hadn't money for anything so expensive as the teddy-bear. Someone else had bought your beloved Klismas." She stopped a moment and lay back on her pillows:

"I hoped you had forgotten it, but when I heard you calling deliriously for 'Klismas' in the hospital I knew you had not forgotten. . . It was strange, but nothing in connection with your illness hurt me as much as that. That my child should have longed all those months for a toy I couldn't give him even when he was desperately ill. . . The doctor said it was essential you should sleep, that this tossing about was doing you so much harm. Whatever it is he wants, we must get it for him," the doctor told me; 'anything to stop this restlessness.'

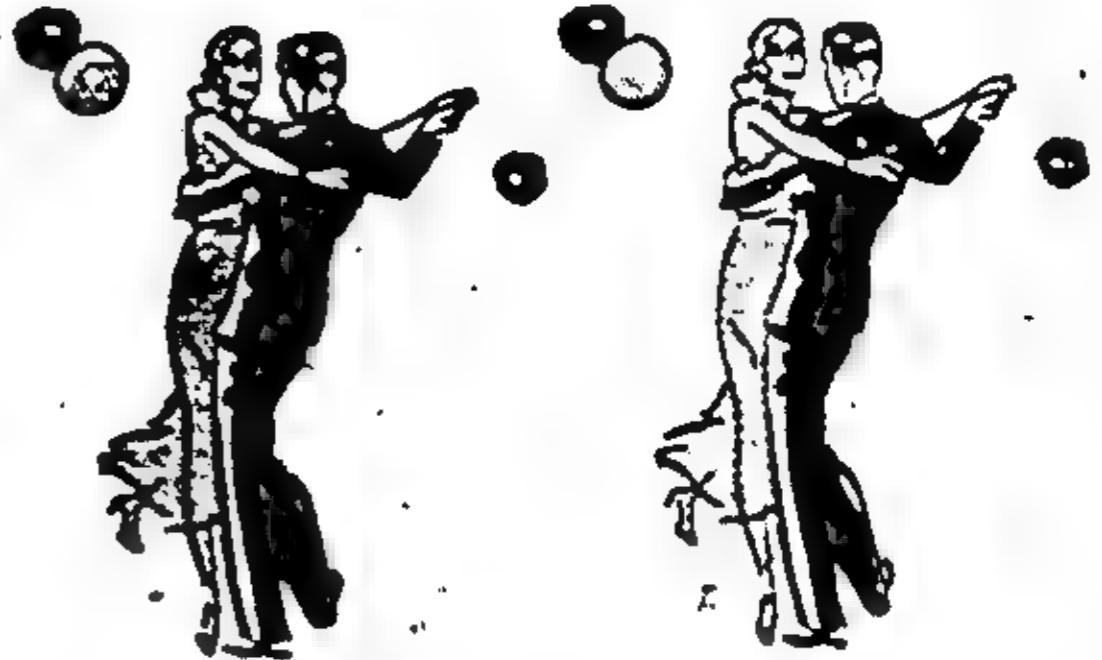
"I ran out of the hospital, down to the little shop, and asked who had bought the teddy-bear. I was told the wife of the manager of the mill had bought it before Christmas for her small daughter. I was determined you should have your Klismas, if only for a few days until the

"Oh, Donald, even if I'd been imprisoned for it, afterwards it would have been worth while stealing that bear!" Her hand stroked the bump in the eiderdown lovingly. "I don't remember how I got to the hospital, but it must have been quickly. You were still turning restlessly, but tried to hold out your weak

(Continued on Page 28)



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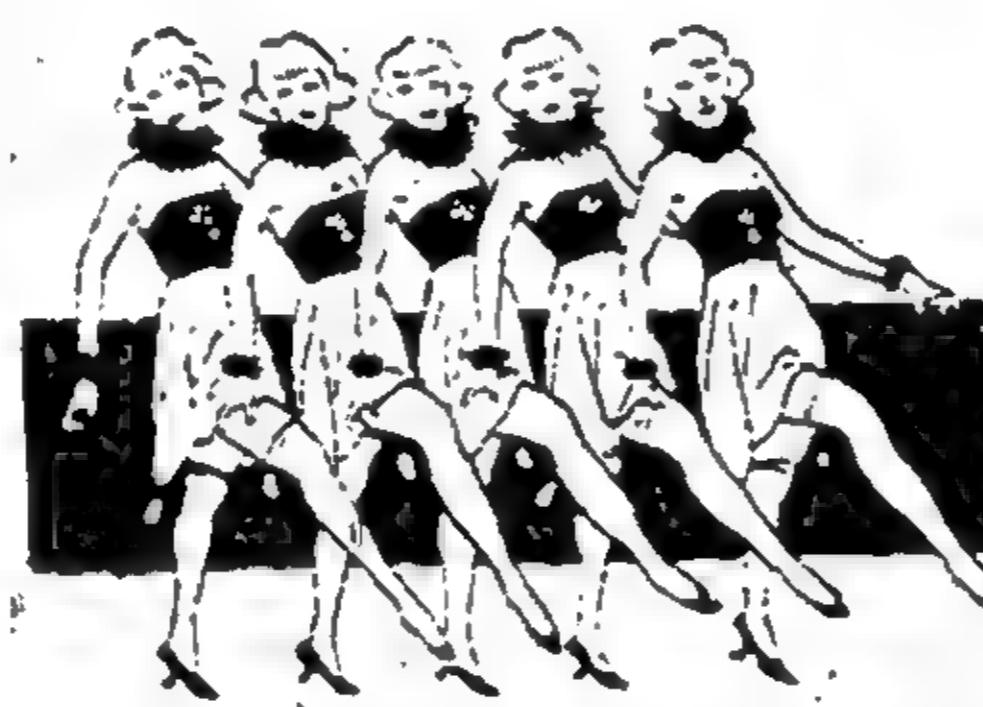
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WHAT THE STARS FORETELL



ASTROLOGY is one of the oldest sciences in the world, and to-day, after many years of neglect, except on the part of a few devotees, it is becoming popular, and is being studied seriously by thousands. Even the novice who has not delved deep into its mysteries, is often amazed by the revelation that a brief study of the stars has given of his own character and those of his friends. The ancient astrologers believed that the sun and the planets had great influence over the lives of people. They discovered that the sun made a complete circle of the heavens during the year, so they divided the sky into twelve parts, which they called "houses," in which the sun stayed for a period during the year. These houses answered to the twelve Signs of the Zodiac. To each of these houses astrologers ascribe a definite rulership or significance. If you want to make an accurate forecast of what the stars foretell for anyone, then, of course, a horoscope must be made, and the exact time, date, and place of the birth of that person must be known. If, however, you just want an outline of the characteristics and tendencies of anyone, it can be done if the birth-day is known.

There are twelve Signs of the Zodiac:—

Aries, the Ram. Ruling planet, Mars. March 21 to April 19.

Taurus, the Bull. Ruling planet, Venus. April 20 to May 20.

Gemini, the Twins. Ruling planet, Mercury. May 21 to June 21.

Cancer, the Crab. Ruled by the Moon. June 22 to July 22.

Leo, the Lion. Ruled by the Sun. July 23 to August 23.

Virgo, the Virgin. Ruling planet, Mercury. August 24 to September 22.

Libra, the Balance. Ruling planet, Venus. September 22 to October 23.

Scorpio, the Scorpion. Ruling planet, Mars. October 23 to November 22.

Sagittarius, the Archer. Ruling planet, Jupiter. November 23 to December 21.

Capricorn, the Goat. Ruling

planet, Saturn. December 22 to January 19.

Aquarius, the Water-Bearer. Ruling planet, Saturn. January 20 to February 19.

Pisces, the Fishes. Ruling planet, Jupiter. February 19 to March 21.

All the planets have their own particular influence. Briefly, the sun gives vitality. The moon affects the emotions and the dream life. Mars gives courage and the ability to fight with circumstances. Venus bestows love of one another and love of beauty. Saturn gives stability and limits our emotions. Jupiter brings joy and an artistic nature. Mercury is the planet of wisdom and rules the intellect.

Now let us consider birthdays. Is your birthday anywhere between March 21 and April 20? Then you are an Aries subject. It is the sign of sacrifice, and you are probably unselfish, determined and earnest. You want to lead and to dominate. You are generous and magnetic, bright and witty. You love beauty. You have the gift of sympathy, and may be blind to your friends' faults and be deceived by them. Your faults are a tendency to become inflated by success, obstinacy, anger, and impetuosity. You do not need stimulants, and should eat plain, nourishing food. The happiest marriage will result from a union with a Sagittarius person, and then your children will be physically strong and mentally bright. The next thing is a marriage with another Aries subject. Your lucky stones are diamonds and amethysts, your best day, Tuesday, your colour, white and rose-pink, your metal, iron.

A Taurus person (April 20 to May 20) is fearless and kind, generous and persevering, but apt to be easily irritated. He or she has a deep love of all young things, a special fondness for animals, and a strange power over them. A marked

love of the beautiful is a characteristic. Taurus people need to govern themselves and not let themselves be led away by appearances. They may have many love affairs and be married twice. The happiest marriages are between those born under Taurus and Capricorn, and the children of these signs are physically robust, or between Taurus and Libra. Their birth-stones are emerald and moss-agate, their colours, red and yellow, their lucky day, Friday, and their metal, copper.

If you are born under the sign of Gemini (May 21 to June 21), you may have a dual nature. You are affectionate, generous, and kind, and very proud of your family. You have a strong religious nature. If you are a woman you have a love for flowers and colour, and of the beautiful in art and nature. Have you dark hair, a bright complexion, and hazel eyes? Your faults are restless, grumbling, and imagining evil where none exists. Don't go to extremes, or judge superficially. Beware of jealousy. Cultivate patience and the spiritual side of life. Marry someone under Aquarius or Virgo if you can. Your stones are beryl, aquamarine, and sapphire; your colours, red, blue, and white.

Persons born under the sign of Cancer are extremely sensitive. They have great determination, yet if their feelings are hurt they will give up whatever they have undertaken. They are very fond of travel, intelligent, generous and sympathetic. Their faults are too great a love of change, and a tendency to talk too much about themselves. Their fondness of money may lead them to become a little miserly, and the women must beware of growing too fond of clothes and jewels. They should not marry early in life. A happy marriage is most likely if they marry those born under Pisces or Scorpio. Their lucky stones are emerald and black onyx, and their colours, green and brown.

Anyone who has a birthday between July 23 and August 23

comes under the sign of Leo. He or she is kind-hearted, sympathetic, magnetic and generous. The women make good nurses, and they are devoted to their children. They also make splendid cooks, and the men are good caterers. Both men and women are inclined to be lazy. Their faults are that they are impetuous, fiery, and passionate, and unless they are self-controlled, inclined to be cunning. Care should be taken in selecting a husband or wife. The best partner is one born in Sagittarius or in Aries. Their stones are the ruby and diamond, and their colours, red and green.

Those who have Virgo for their sign are methodical, generous, and very solicitous about other people's affairs, especially their love affairs. They can keep a secret. The women are most particular about matters of dress, and like to lead a fashion. Both men and women are magnetic healers, and possess curative powers. They are also philosophical. Their faults are a tendency to interfere and domineer, too great a love of money and position. They should not attempt to doctor themselves or take too great an interest in their own maladies. When tired, a few hours quietness in the country will cure them. Virgo seems to bestow perpetual youth upon her subjects. They should marry those born under Gemini or Pisces. Their gems are sapphire, opal, turquoise, and their colours, blue, pink, and green.

People who have Pisces for their sign make loyal friends and devoted lovers. They are honest and very generous. They are fond of responsibility, although sometimes lacking in self-esteem. They need to guard against worry and imagining things that never happen. Restlessness, lack of judgment and discrimination, and asking too many questions are their faults. They should marry someone under Virgo or Capricorn, or even Gemini, but not Libra or Sagittarius. Their stones are chrysolite and moonstone; their colours, white, pink, emerald-green, and black.



DO YOU MAKE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS?

By R. L. MERGROZ

THESE are commonly two ways of looking at New Year resolutions. Some people say that they have given up making resolutions, having found by experience that such resolutions are soon broken. Others see in the New Year a chance of concentrating on a helpful idea.

Miss Lilian Baylis, the Manager of the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells theatre suggested a resolution for the public generally. "I should like," she said, "more people to form a New Year resolution to get the theatre habit which is far more common on the Continent than in England, and to make a rule to visit a good play as often as their means afford.

"By this means," she added, "I am sure that as a nation our sympathy and understanding at home and abroad would be widened, and art, which makes its most popular and accessible appeal through the theatre, would lead us to a very real League of Nations."

"The best resolution I have ever made," said Mr. Mark Hamblour, "was to become a pianist. But as for making any other resolutions, what is the use nowadays? Conditions of life are becoming so puzzling that one would have to alter any resolutions as soon as one made them."

"Perhaps it is simplest to say, as Mr. Eden Phillpotts did: 'I never made a New Year's resolution in my life,' but how many people could truthfully say that?

Made Them Early.

Mr. R. J. Minney, co-author of "Clive of India," is more in touch with the majority. "I once applied to my resolutions," he confessed "the wholesome rule about Christmas shopping: I made mine early. In order to test their worth I gave them a



vigorous canter during the week between Christmas and New Year.

"As a result the season that is so full of festivity and merriment for others proved for me the most agonising week in my life, and by New Year's Day I abandoned in disgust all my fine theories, clinging instead to the resolve not to have any resolutions at all."

Mr. J. R. Clynes, Member of Parliament for Platting, says that the best resolution he ever made was 'never to regard any period of time as unimportant. To do anything merely to "pass the time away" is a "fatal habit of mind and in a spell of years

corresponds to a serious loss of life values."

Something to think over there; and also in the confession of the novelist and sports writer, Mr. Thomas Moult, whose resolution was: "To endeavour, in my moments of fret, annoyance, and what seems to be real and catastrophic trouble, to imagine myself a year older; and so, looking back from my conning-tower of detachment, to see those discordant moments in their proper perspective."

Mr. J. D. Beresford, well known as a novelist and story writer, has a philosophic mind. His view of New Year Resolutions is enlightening and makes

a good background to all these confessions:

"My last New Year resolution was to make none, and none has been so well kept.

"I remember, however, that in my own days of good intending. I once met a Cambridge mathematician—a young man at that time—who told me that he never had much hope of those of his students who were given to making resolutions. The men he liked were those who didn't have to do that.

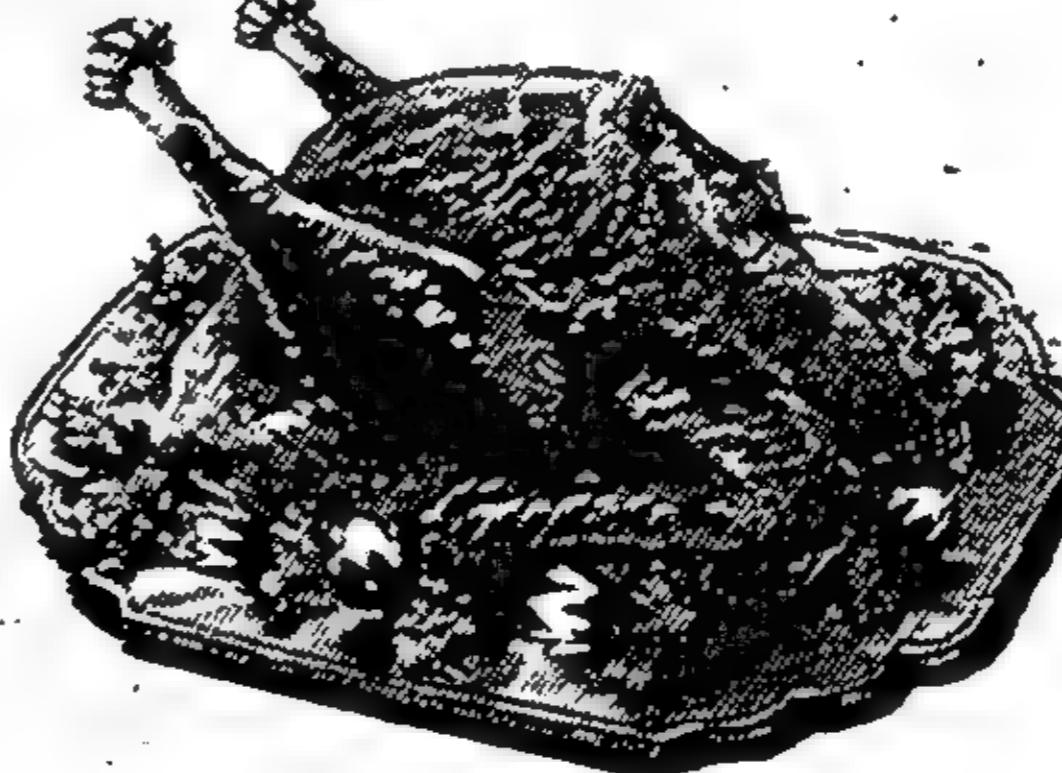
"The truth is that the mere fact of having to do this thing indicates an opposition to the personality. There is a fight on between the wish and the will, and although the will may win for a time, a few days or weeks, the wish will presently have its turn. This is why all those good intentions to keep a diary seldom last until the end of January.

"It is not until the wish and the will work together—a happy partnership never achieved by the opposition implied in the making of resolutions—that great results are obtained."

When I consulted Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, Sir Arthur composed a poem for me:

As the Zodiac circle revolved
Bringing Capricorn round to
Aquarius,
My faults year by year I resolved
To reform (they were frequent
and various).
But this life is a catholic ground.
And a trespass so like usus
frustrum.
That a way with my faults I
have found—
Rechristened 'em "habits,"
and stuck to 'em.
How can I leave the reader
with a lighter-hearted New Year
message?"

SCRUMPTIOUS!!!



A CUT OFF THE BREAST - - - A LEG - - - A WING - - - THE
STUFFING - - - THE SAUSAGES - - THE MINCE PIES - - - AND
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THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT

By Constance Curlewis

BY profession he was a solicitor, but by "trade" a machinery dealer. In the early days, when his services were unsolicited, he spent most of his time loitering around bankrupt mines and unused quarries; in fact, it was this inattention to duty that was the cause of his professional failure.

When he should have been at office he was after "bargains." He rushed the morning papers and read the machinery columns; attended all the auction sales within a hundred-mile radius; wrote letters to sawmill proprietors and mine-managers; and talked of vertical engines and Lancashire boilers and high pressures and horizontal compounds till his mother and sisters were sick of the subject. Jess even went so far as to say that she now turned away from her sewing machine with a feeling of nausea, while Joan facetiously added, "I flung the sausage machine down the cellar." And Isobel declared that she always rode in the very last seat of the very last car of a railway train to put the greatest possible distance between herself and the engine.

The father, only, listened and smiled and understood. He it was who had inspired his son—who talked machinery by the hour with him.

Years ago, he told Jack, he had bought some iron rails for £300 and sold them a few months later for £1,000. And Jack had never rested till he had bought an eight horse-power boiler, an old wine, and a ton or so of cast-iron (from a widow) for £10 and sold them for £50. Then the spirit of the thing gripped and held him. His business took a downward leap, and Jack Langham, as a solicitor, was soon unknown.

But, though he had discarded the legal profession, it had by no means discarded him. Involuntarily it crept into his correspondence, and sometimes into his speech.

He made money in the new venture, however, and in three years was able to marry.

NOW they sat on the verandah, she looking out to where sails, brown and white, dotted the blue waters of the bay. The leaves of a camphor-launder beat softly on the roof, and the scent of hyacinths mingled fragrantly with the salt sea air.

"Wednesday is our wedding anniversary, Jack," she said half-dreamily; "our first. What are you going to give me?" Then, rousing herself, she added, "It must be something novel, and pretty, and, above all, something that you really admire." And, coming across to where he sat, she laid her hand on his arm. "I've already chosen yours, but you mustn't know yet."

"I shall go into town on Tuesday," he replied, "and spend the whole day in choosing the prettiest thing the city holds."

But Tuesday came, and with it a telegram. It was from one of his country agents. "On no account miss," it said, "chance of a lifetime. Great Sussex mine bankrupt. Whole plant for sale. Comparatively new."

He went to his wife's room. But she was sleeping so deeply and peacefully that he had not the heart to waken her. He supposed she had had a wakeful night.



Crossing to his own room again, he scribbled on a piece of paper, "Many kisses, dearest—and tenderest love. Sorry I can't be with you on the anniversary or spend to-day in choosing your present. But I know you will understand. (See telegram annexed)." He was on the point of adding, "marked 'A,'" with black writing thereon," or some such phrase, when he suddenly remembered. Just then the clock chimed the half-hour, and, seeing he had only a few minutes to spare, he scribbled furiously on.

You said that your present must be novel and pretty, and above all something that I particularly admire. Well, dear. I have just the thing... Of its novelty, under the circumstances, I have no doubt; but handsome would describe it rather than pretty, and, as for my admiring it — well, it's splendid. Take the key that lies beside this note and open my office; walk right through into the next room, and there is your present.

Good-bye, dearest — I have just time to catch my train. Shall be away two or three days.

Jack. And, closing the door silently after him, he walked swiftly down the street to the railway station.

SYBIL LANGHAM stood before her husband's dressing table, disappointment in her eyes. There was no resentment — as Jack had said, she understood. But, though she reasoned with herself, the sense of discontent would not leave her.

"Of course, he can't help it," she repeated; "it would have been madness for him not to go. How foolish of me to feel it so."

"But it's our first anniversary," put in her other self, who cast futures aside and lived in the present, "and I was hoping for such a happy day. It is a shame."

She sat down, on the verge of tears.

"Perhaps he feels disappointed, too," she thought. And strangely this comforted her. Picking up the key, she went to her room, put on her hat, and set out for the office. She would like to see her present to-day. "What could it be?" she wondered.

The office was not far away, and in a short space she was there, standing at the door of

A moment since and she had not the faintest conception of its worth, for Jack, seeing he had made a mistake in talking "shop" on every possible occasion, meal and other times, in his old home, with much self-sacrifice became a "total abstainer" in his new. But Sybil knew buyers always kept religiously below full value, in fact, made utterly ridiculous offers, hence her demand for the five hundred.

The man looked at her again with steady scrutiny.

"Hm," he thought, "pretty sharp. No wonder it's you and not your husband who has it for sale. However, there's no time to be wasted — every hour means a heavy loss. I must have one to-day, and this is the finest I've seen. Thirty horse-power, nearly new. It's worth five hundred."

"Madam," he said aloud, after sufficient hesitation, "I'll give you three hundred for it."

"I said five hundred. Good morning," said Sybil, drawing herself up.

These women know as much about transacting business as a two-days-old kitten," he growled under his breath, at the same time casting an admiring glance at his fair opponent. "Of course it's only bluff, though. By jove! she's shutting the door! Well, I'm blow'd."

"Madam," he said aloud — the contested difference dwindled into nothingness beside the company's losses in case of delay — "I'll give you five hundred — is it settled?"

THE necessary articles were provided, and ten minutes later Sybil Langham sat alone in the office with a cheque for five hundred pounds, containing the signature of one of the biggest city firms.

There was a swift movement in the room, and her husband spoke: "Sale's put off till Friday, dear — met a messenger a couple of stations down — some mess-up. So we'll spend our anniversary together after all."

"I see you didn't waste much time in coming to see your present," he added; "isn't it splendid?"

"It's more than splendid, Jack — there's an air of grandeur about it."

"I thought you'd like it." His voice was ecstatic. "I suppose you thought it was a new-fangled hammock or something of that sort?"

"I must have it cleaned up and sell it for you," he went on; "it only arrived yesterday. Best deal I've ever made — got it for \$100. Why, it's worth three times that amount."

"I've just sold it for five hundred," she said.

Jack stared.

Then she related in detail her morning's transactions — less the disappointment.

"Well, I'm jiggered!"

But now he came to think, he had made another mistake; for here was a woman of his own composition — a woman who, at first sight of his beloved hobby, actually applied the word that described it best. How many happy evenings had he lost — when he might have talked by the hour with Sybil on the one topic? How many long journeys had he taken alone when he might have had a genial and enthusiastic companion? And he then and there determined to remedy his mistake.

And Sybil —?

(THE END).

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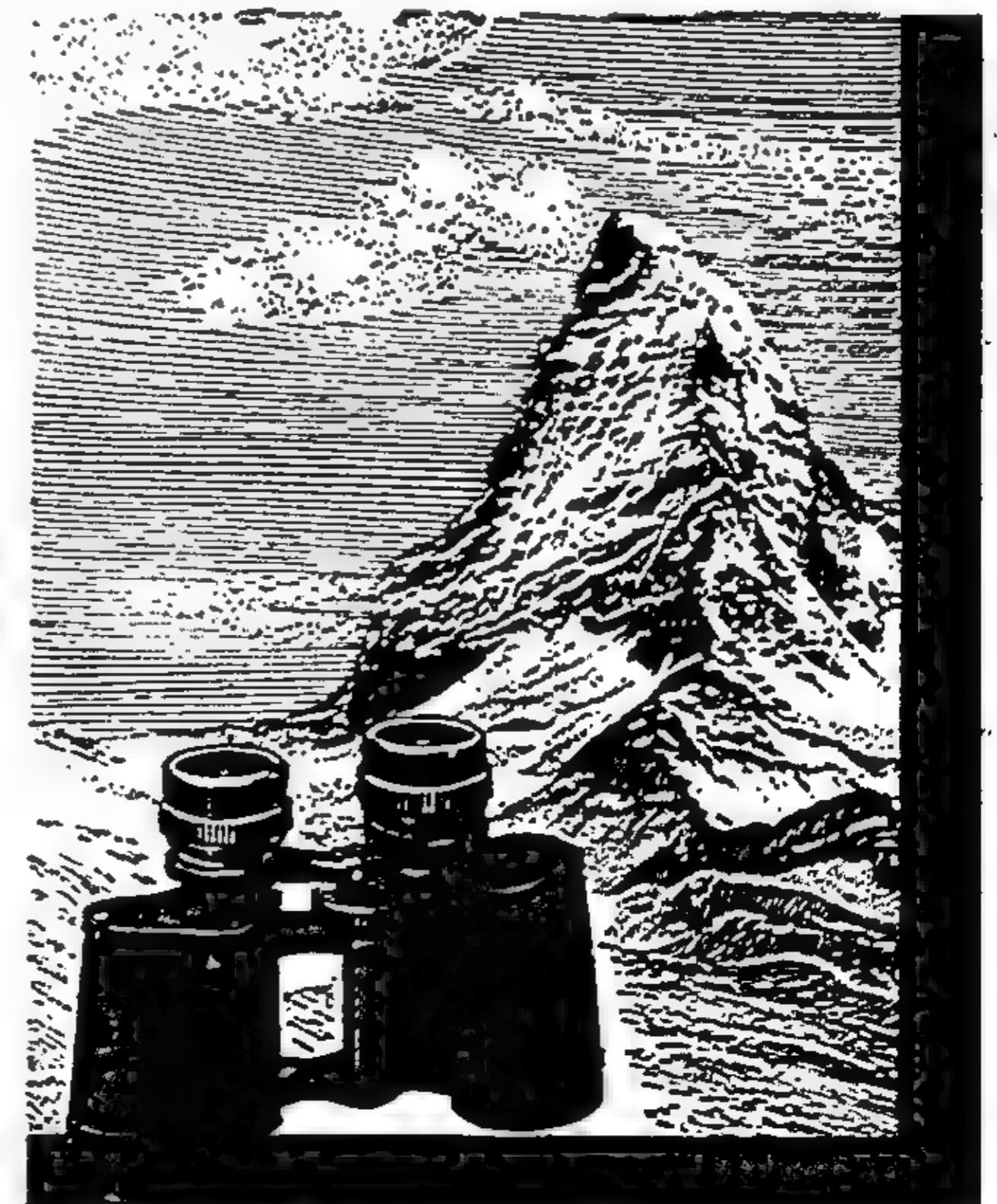


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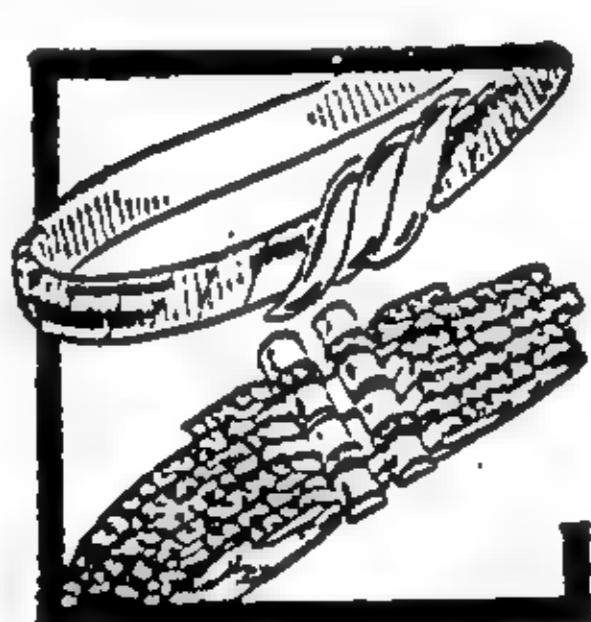
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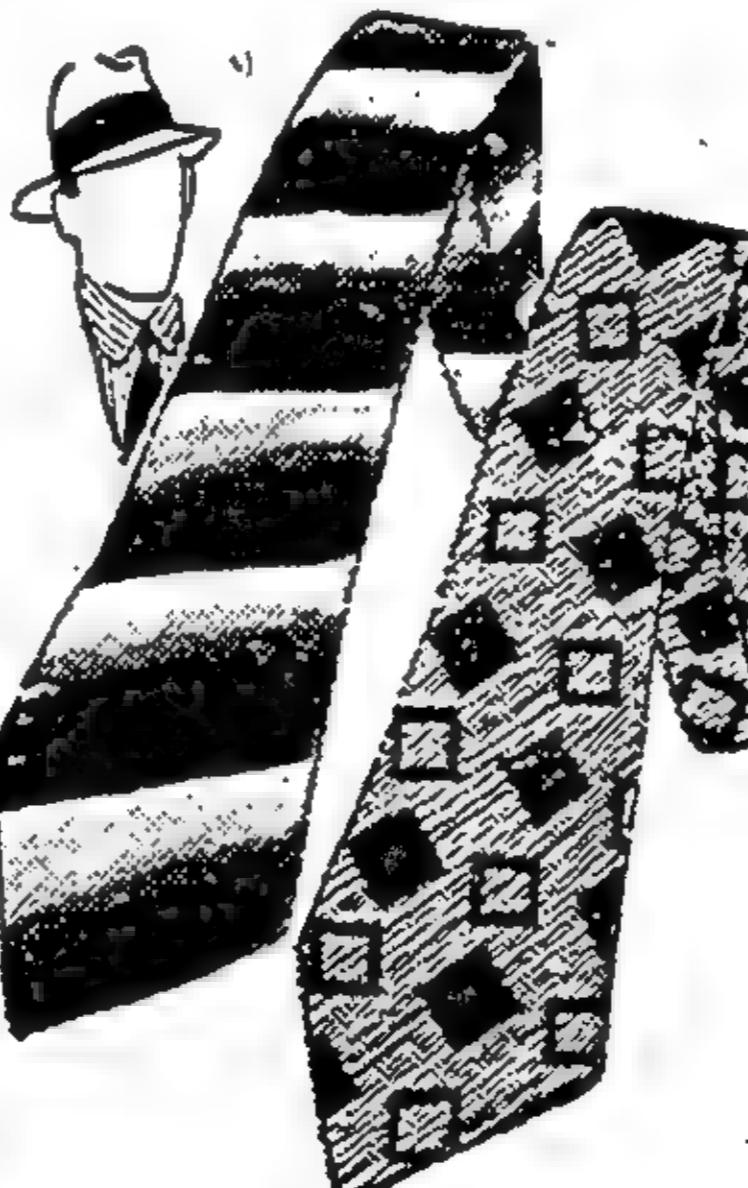
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FRISK'S CHRISTMAS

(By Leonard Woodward)

FRISK might have boasted that he lived at the hall. He was a goodly-sized rodent: a born hustler who knew every cranny and corner of the old place. The eve of Christmas found him picking his way from a stream at the rear of the out-buildings.

A very singular thing had happened. Every night there had been a quiet visit to the banks for the slaking of the furry creature's thirst; and a rat can thirst. He used to sip at the same place every night, in the shelter of a leafless, hollow willow trunk which looked as if any moment it would topple into the water. This day had seemed especially wintry, and a deep layer of white flakes had fallen from heavy grey cloud.

From a secret look-out Frisk had waited and watched until all around was quiet, and the sun had gone down behind the woods, leaving rosy lines across the snow. One good track to the stream, where some men had hauled a heavy yule log from the fields, was clear. By this winding pathway the rodent stole down to the brink. Little ripples ran across his furry back as he thrilled with the prospect of a much-needed drink.

Chilling disappointment came, and Frisk drew back and shuddered. The surface was glassy and too cold for his shivering condition. Things often happened like that to a rodent.

Within a short time the creature had hurried back to the dark seclusion of the old buildings, just as the first star in the eastern sky glowed above the shadowy gable beyond.

When life's disappointments came to Frisk he used to climb an old strut and obtain access through a hole to the floor above, there to think out a plan of campaign. This was so much more sensible than sulking. A rodent can never afford to sulk.

To-night Frisk altered his plan and, having reached the floor above, started to rove about, for the night was cold.

CHRISTMAS PARTY GAMES

Pictorial Consequences

THE Christmas season is rich in that assembling of miscellaneous companies whose entertainment presents to the harassed hostess a problem at once urgent and distressing. The application of food and drink, however varied and extensive, however exhausting in its search and preparation, cannot occupy more than a limited space of time; the exchange of family or friendly news is ended; bridge is too intimate, too selfish; the wireless palls or, with the uncanny prescence of the inanimate world, stages one of its infrequent breakdowns. And, the agonising question arises: "What shall we do?"

At the first glimpse of paper and pencils the guests will visibly. "Oh, I couldn't do anything at all clever, dear," protests Aunt Minnie. "Not all those things beginning with A," wails Cousin Chloe. "Shall I do some of my card tricks?" intervenes Uncle Harold. Forcibly pressing

materials into their hands, you explain that almost no intelligence is required, that no alphabetical alacrity will be demanded, that perhaps if Uncle Harold will be so kind...after supper. A new and bitter outcry: "Oh, but I can't draw." Ruthlessly you reply that the worse the level of art the better the result.

The first requirement, received with comparative resignation, is merely to write the title of a possible picture at the head of the sheet and pass it on "to the person on your right hand." Immediately every mind is intent—forgetful of personal vulnerability—on devising suitably reconnoitred subjects for its neighbour's affliction: "The Boat-race," "Scene in an Operating Theatre," "A Car Smash," "An aspidistra" (Aunt Minnie), "After the Ball was Over," "Pass on, please!" From your

left comes to you a simple request, for "A Rabbit," with which you can comply with comparative ease. You fold over the top of the paper, concealing the original title and leaving your putative rabbit alone visible, and "pass on" again.

You have now to retell the picture just perpetrated by your left-hand neighbour. Another fold hides the picture from view, leaving a new title to be illustrated, and so on until the circle is complete.

Then comes the unfolding and the somewhat startling disclosure of the extent of deviation from the original subjects.

"After the Ball was Over," passing through a series of recognisable football scenes, has by way of "A Corner" and "90 deg." become "A Heat Wave," and concludes its triumphal career as "Cows Under Trees."

Scenes in an Operating Thea-

tre = Baby Show = Pigsties
= Stonehenge = Bakewell Tart.

A Day at the Seaside = Leaping White Horses = Circus
Scene = Strong Man = Mephistopheles.

A Cricket Match = Fleas
Circus = Herd of Buffaloes = Ants' Eggs = Goldfish Bowl = Bowler Hat.

And your "Rabbit" has become "Nero Fiddling while Rome Burns." But your guests are laughing helplessly, and surprisingly, an hour has passed. Supper-time!



been in the act of crossing over to them when the blue shaft of light had struck across his face, completely bewildering his sharp wits, and making him see things very hazily and mistily.

Taking in the whole danger and urgency of the moment, Mrs. Greycoat was in the act of uttering a low whimper of mouse-code, but the effort was not needed, for in a brief instant everything was pitch-black because of the switching of all the house lights into a silent oblivion.

No need to tell of the skill and patience of two grey mice who travelled so carefully and sure-footedly back along the ridge to the floor-nest under the hall. The Greycoats were now sure of their Christmas fare.

The truth of all things that night was that the life of a rodent at the festive season was to get what one could and be quick about it—a life-strategy which could never claim to be a moral.

Out at the rear of the old hall a lone silver birch caught the soft light which came from a starry sky, and a pair of robins were swaying on a pendant half-coco-nut, picking at a mixture of snowflakes and bread-crumbs and feeling the zero nip of the midnight hour.

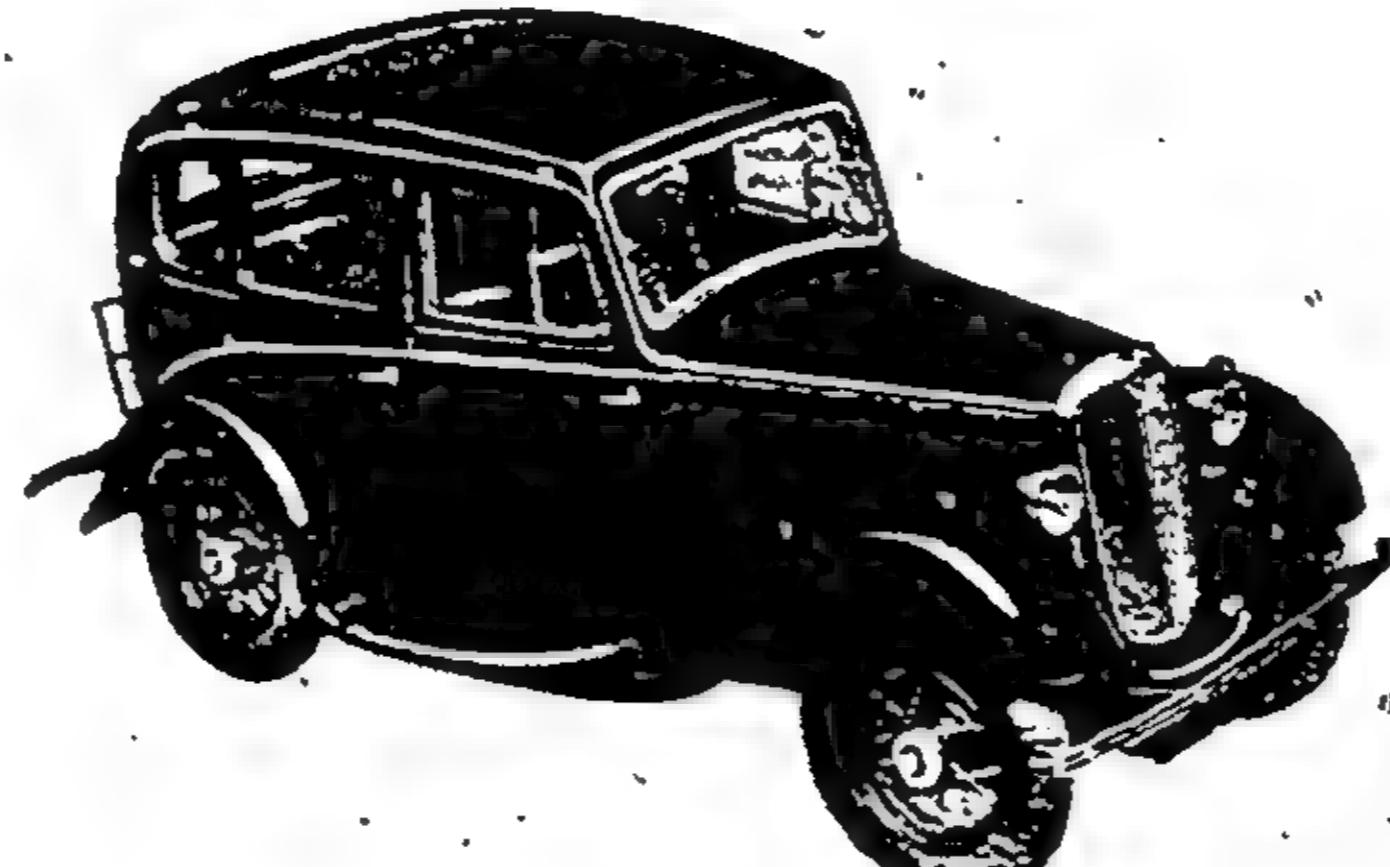
Twelve deep strokes sounded from a bell tower somewhere near, and then a very sudden crash down by the stream.

The hollow willow-trunk had fallen upon the glassy surface, sending up thousands of little jewels of sparkling ice.

That first hour of Christmas found Frisk back at the bank sipping icy water, with a fat water-vole squatting opposite on the other bank.

So many creatures of the under-world are so very content if they can only celebrate their Yule with water.

We shall add to our own Christmas pleasure if we remember how much a few bread-crums and a pan of water are needed by the birds. Let them not share the hard times which come to the rodents.



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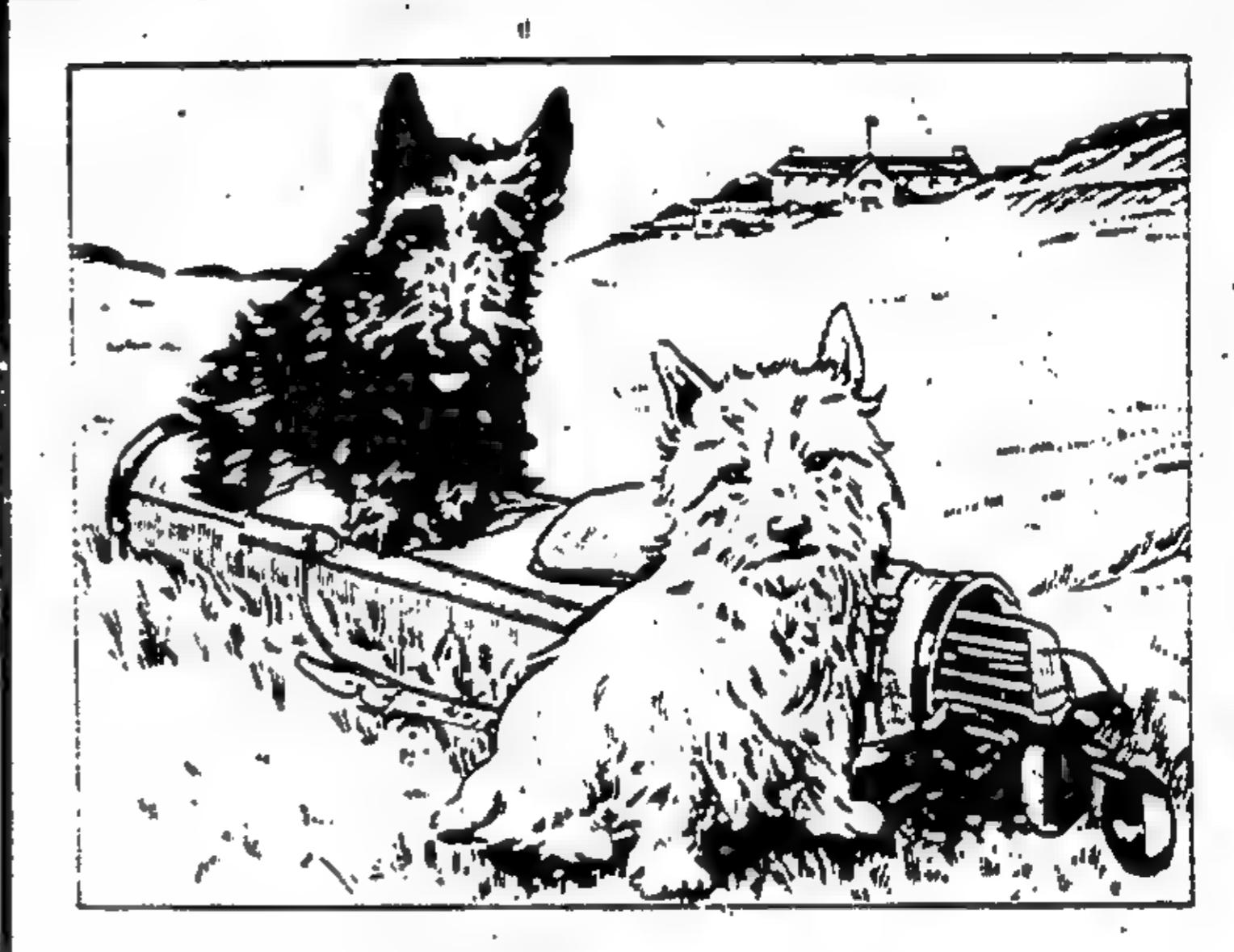
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CHRISTMAS



CRACKERS

Nervous Suitor: "If I give you a dollar, will you tell me what your sister says about me?"

Little Brother: "Make it two, and I'll tell you what dad's going to do to you."

The husband and wife had quarrelled.

As they drove along the country road a mule suddenly brayed.

"One of your relatives?" asked the husband.

"By marriage," was the reply.

* * *

"What makes wives bad-tempered?"—Husbands.

The
China
Mail

WISHES READERS
AND ADVERTISERS

A Happy
Christmas

AND PEACE AND
PROSPERITY

IN
The
New Year

Answer To "What Is
Wrong With This
Paragraph"

In England there was no such day as September 10th, 1753. In 1582 Pope Gregory instituted our present calendar, but England did not adopt the new system until 1753. Then she dropped eleven days and changed the beginning of the year from March 25 to January 1. She caught up the time by calling September 3rd the 14th. Many people thought their lives had been shortened by eleven days.

Answer To
Sphinx Riddle

Man—First he creeps, on all fours as a baby, then he walks on two legs, and later in life he walks with a cane.

Answers To Intelligence Test

1. His left arm.
2. The grocery store.
3. A gate.
4. One year.
5. Sixteen.
6. "N."
7. Put it in a vessel, cover it with water and stir thoroughly with a stick. The sand which is heavier will settle to the bottom.
8. 55.
9. Myself.

"Was he very much cast down after he'd spoken to papa?"

"Yes. Three flights of stairs."

* * *

The young man had just proposed. "No!" she replied. "A thousand times no!"

"Well, don't rub it in," he retorted. "I only asked you once."

* * *

The teacher was telling his class about the conquests of Alexander the Great. He made the tale a stirring one.

"When Alexander had conquered India, he said, 'what do you think he did? Do you think he gave a great feast to celebrate his triumph? No; he sat down and wept.'

The children seemed a little disappointed at this childish exhibition on the part of the hero, so the teacher continued: "Now, why do you think Alexander wept?"

Up went a little hand. "Well, Tommy?" said the teacher.

"Please, Sir," said Tommy, hesitatingly, "perhaps he didn't know the way back."

"It's no use," said the director to his colleague, "I'll have to get a new typist."

"Pity," said his colleague. "Miss Jones always seemed a nice, obliging sort of girl."

"Oh, she's all that. But she will keep interrupting me when I'm dictating to ask me how to spell words."

"That certainly is a great waste of time."

"I don't object to that," explained the director, "but it looks so bad to have to keep saying, 'I don't know.'"

"It's sickening the way my wife keeps talking about her first husband."

"That's nothing. Mine keeps talking about her next."

What Is Wrong With
This Paragraph?

On September 10, 1753, a great disaster occurred in London. An explosion of an unknown origin blew up several buildings and killed many people. During the accident a very strange incident occurred: a baby was blown from its cradle and landed on top of a neighbouring church.

Answer On This Page.

• The Sphinx's Riddle •

The Theban Sphinx was a monster sent by Juno to lay waste the neighbourhood of Thebes in Boeotia.

It had the head and bust of a woman, the body of a dog, the tail of a serpent, the wings of a bird, the paws of a lion, and a human voice.

The Sphinx gave a riddle and devoured all who could not explain it.

The riddle was: What animal

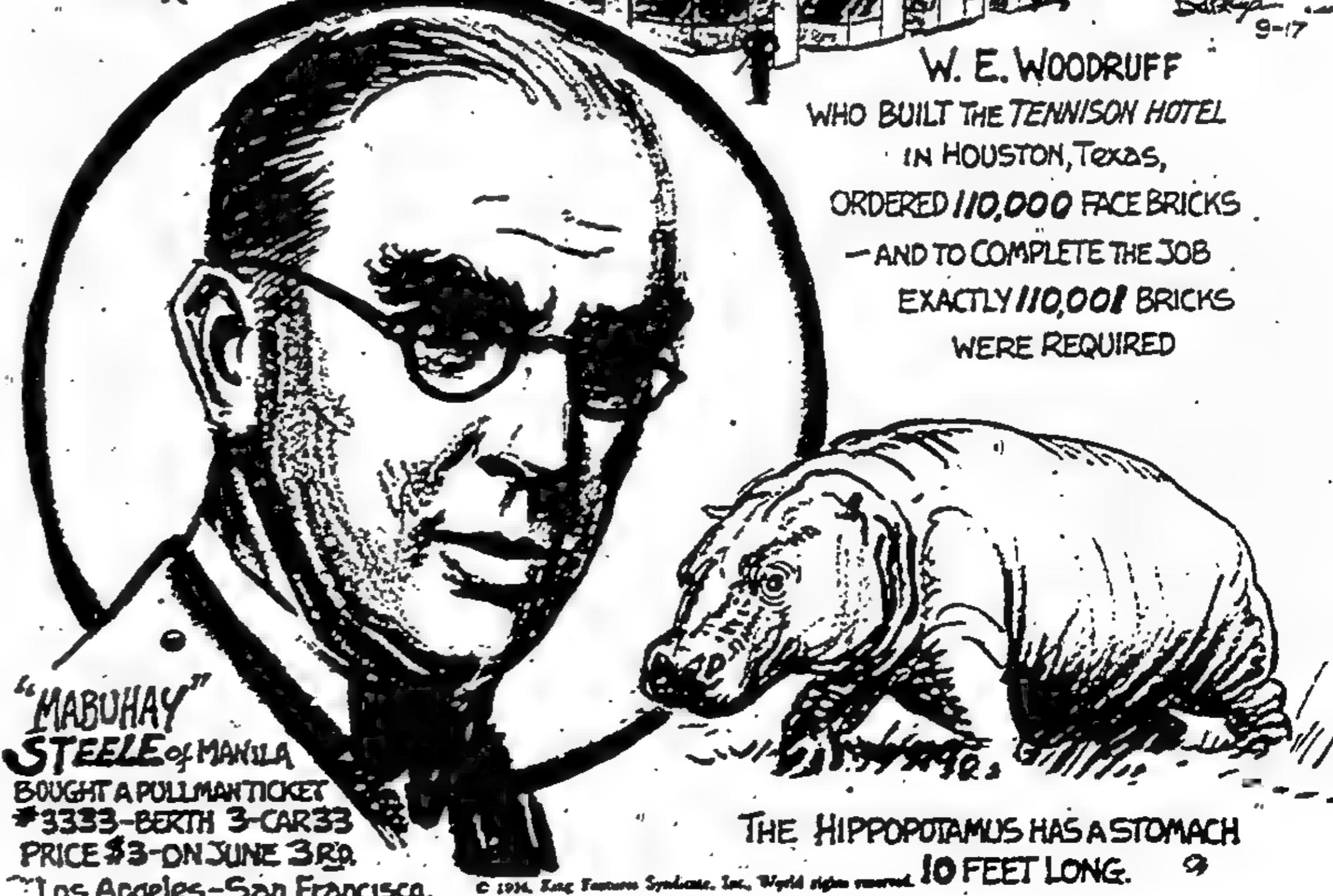
walks on four legs in the morning, on two at noon and on three at night?

Creon, King of Thebes, promised his crown and sister, Jocasta, to him who could solve the puzzle as only then would the Sphinx disappear. Oedipus answered the Sphinx's riddle, and the creature killed itself by dashing its head against a rock.

Can you answer the riddle?

Answer On This Page.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT" by Robert L. Ripley

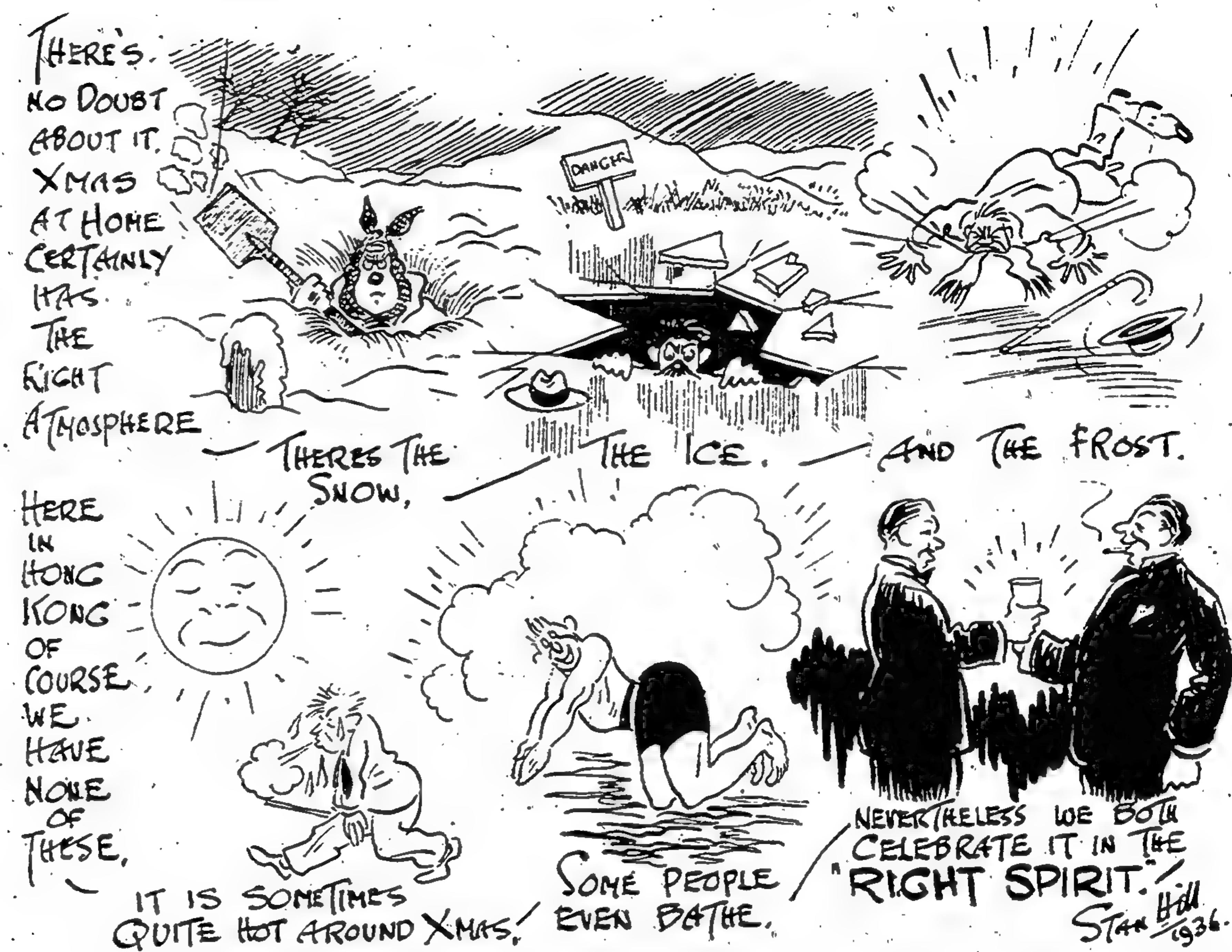


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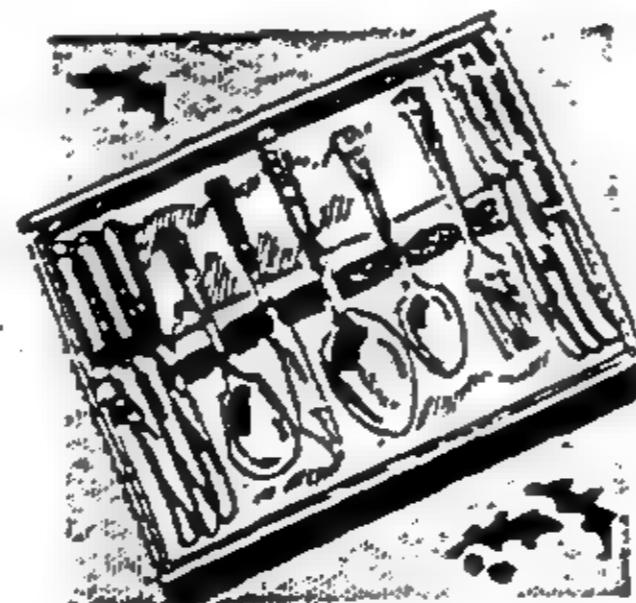
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS HAS A STOMACH

10 FEET LONG.



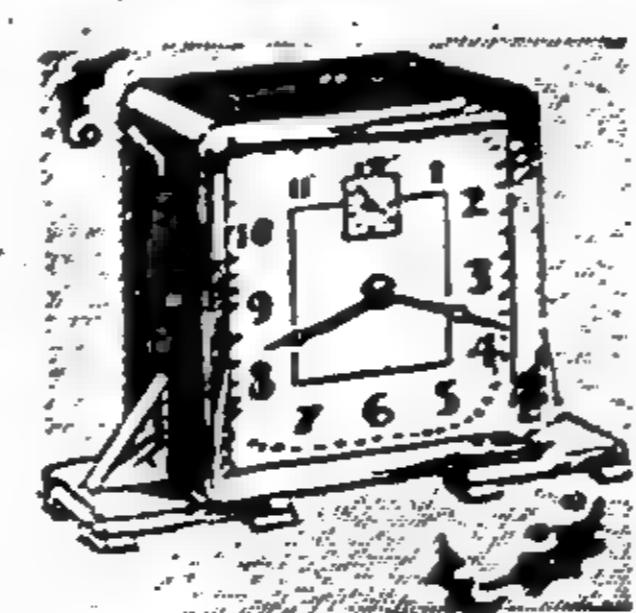
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22

The Plum Pudding Has Its Special Rites



THE plum pudding, imposing and indispensable item in the traditional Christmas feast, was made for good or ill weeks ago. Whether it was mixed and stirred by the various members of the family according to old custom or machine-mixed in some well-equipped modern factory matters little. The likelihood is that it will be of handsome appearance, fruity, and of good flavour, for the Christmas pudding is an ancient dish, and its making should have reached perfection by now.

Of more immediate concern is

FOR a Christmas dinner to be perfect, it must be as well planned as prepared.

Side dishes—good old English for hors d'oeuvres—can be prepared of egg and tomato mayonnaise, stewed mushrooms, sardine butter, and so on.

They look and taste well, and occupy the guests while all the dishing up is done that the noble turkey requires.

See that the old sinews are drawn from the turkey's legs before the claws are cut. Make an incision between the two bones of the leg below the knee, cutting downwards, not across.

You will see the sinews like shiny white strings, and can carefully twist them out with a skewer.

Stuff with forcemeat, of

THE turkey is above all others the bird of Christmas, with the goose a good second, but until the discovery of America in 1492 the turkey was quite unknown in the eastern hemisphere.

It did not come from Turkey, but is a native of the American continent. As a wild bird it is now almost extinct there, but it was domesticated by the Aztecs long before Cortez arrived in Mexico, and was the most common kind of poultry there.

When the turkey was introduced into England it was supposed to have come from the Mohammedan East, which was then loosely called Turkey, and so the bird was given that name. The same idea prevailed in France, but there it was called the *poule d'Inde*, or bird of India, now contracted into *dinde*.

its service to-morrow. How shall it come to table and with what sauce in attendance?

Again tradition steps in and dictates the ritual of service. When the reheating of the pudding has been done—steaming it should be said is preferable to boiling and sufficient time must be allowed to ensure that the rich mass is really heated through—a sprig of holly well berried should be placed in the centre after the pudding is turned out of its mould.

In older days there would have been a sprig of arbutus with red berry and a piece of variegated holly on either side, and these decorations would have been regarded by those at the feast as a necessary precaution against witches.

The pudding should arrive at table enveloped in blue flame, but in order that the full spectacular effect of the fire should be seen by everyone for as long as possible many of Christmas hostesses prefer to have the Christmas pudding sprinkled with brandy or with rum—the latter is cheaper and equally effective—and to set the spirit, which should have been heated slightly to take any sense of chill away, alight when actually on the table.

Next consideration, and a most important one, is the sauce. Here there are two divergent schools to reckon with.

There are those who prefer a hot custard or white sauce of liquid consistency, flavoured with fruit, spice, wine or spirit.

and those who like one of the hard sauces or butters, intensely cold.

Perhaps the best thing is to offer a choice, and so please everyone. The liquid sauce is certainly the most suitable where there are children. Allow two eggs to a pint of sweetened and flavoured milk. Beat the eggs slightly and stir with milk over gas, electric stove, or range, until mixture thickens. It must not be allowed to boil. A tablespoonful of brandy may be added before serving the hot sauce if wished.

New Forest Recipe

The hard sauces are, of course, served cold, the colder the better. The following New Forest Sauce is taken from the collection of notable recipes made by Lady Clark of Tillypronie.

One quarter-pound of fresh butter, and squeezed in a cloth, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of castor sugar, to be beaten up together with a wooden spoon till quite white and light; beat them over a pan of hot water or the sauce will taste raw. Add one tablespoonful of brandy and two of sherry and a very little nutmeg. The wine and brandy should be added by degrees; beat all till thoroughly mixed.

This is served very cold in a sauce-boat.

Another method of making hard sauce is to work two ounces of butter and two ounces of castor sugar together, the sugar being added by degrees. Add a small glass of brandy or rum gradually. This is important.



for if the spirit is put in too quickly the appearance of the "butter" is spoilt.

A modern way of service is to make the hard sauce into frozen blocks, and place these in individual dishes.

Yet another variation is to melt butter and add the yolk of an egg ($1\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of butter to each yolk). When this is mixed thoroughly a tablespoonful of fine sugar is added, and, finally, the spirit.

In all these sauces the ingredients must be put in very gradually.

butter, and brandy to taste.

Some people light their mince pies, too, though one illumination is enough for me, but do sprinkle them well with castor sugar. Something in its grittiness goes well with the softness of the mince-meat.

Lastly, your very own home-made water biscuits that go so well with crisp celery and a ripe Stilton.

This recipe makes quite sixty biscuits, so they'll do for Boxing-Day as well!

Rub 2ozs. butter with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, and salt to taste. Take sufficient cream to mix this into a stiffish dough. Knead and beat with a wooden spoon. Roll thinly, prick several times, place on a hot tin, and bake in a very hot oven.

The Perfect Xmas Dinner

chestnut for choice. Cook the bird a quarter of an hour to the pound and a quarter of an hour over.

Cover the breast with bacon, but ten minutes before serving remove this and sprinkle instead some finely sifted flour.

Do you know that the best bread sauce has ten ingredients—bread, milk, onion, salt, pepper, flour, butter, a clove, and blade of mace—and a drop of cream? Needless to say, the onion and spices are removed before it appears at table.

Creamed potatoes should be mashed, sieved, seasoned and whisked till they are of the most

delicious consistency.

Add the tiniest pinch of ginger when cooking your celery. It does not actually taste flavours in a marked manner.

Put a drop of orange juice in the dressing for your watercress and use white, rather than dark vinegar.

Your pudding will have been made weeks ago, but it will need another three hours' good boiling.

That it may come into the room blazing remember not to spare the brandy and to heat it well first. Brandy butter is best made with icing sugar—an ounce of this to two of



All About the Turkey

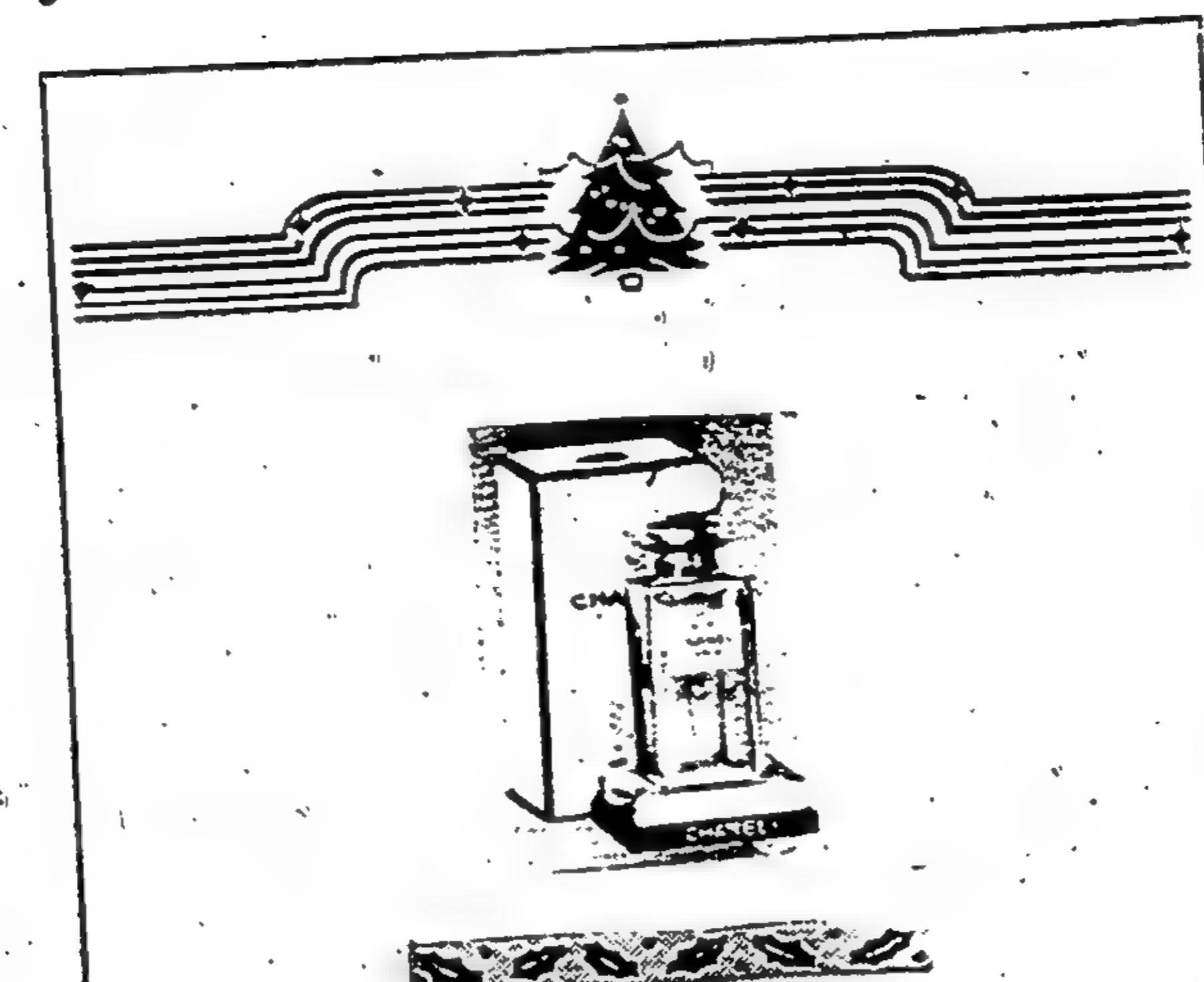
a resident wild bird and nested in East Anglia. Now, however, it is only a winter visitor to England, though a few nest in the North of Scotland.

The goose was domesticated at a very early period. It was kept in a tame state on the banks of the Nile at least 4,000 years ago. Probably the first domesticated geese were young birds taken from their wild parents' nests and reared in captivity. The plentiful supply of food would curb the desire for greater liberty, and at last the birds became reconciled to living in captivity.

Before the common lands were enclosed geese were kept in England in much larger numbers than they are now. Like turkeys, they require a great deal of space, and must be able to wander about if they are to keep healthy.

other poultry, has a long piece of flesh with a few feathers at the end hanging from the place where the beak joins the head.

The domestic goose is supposed to be descended from the grey-lag goose, which was once



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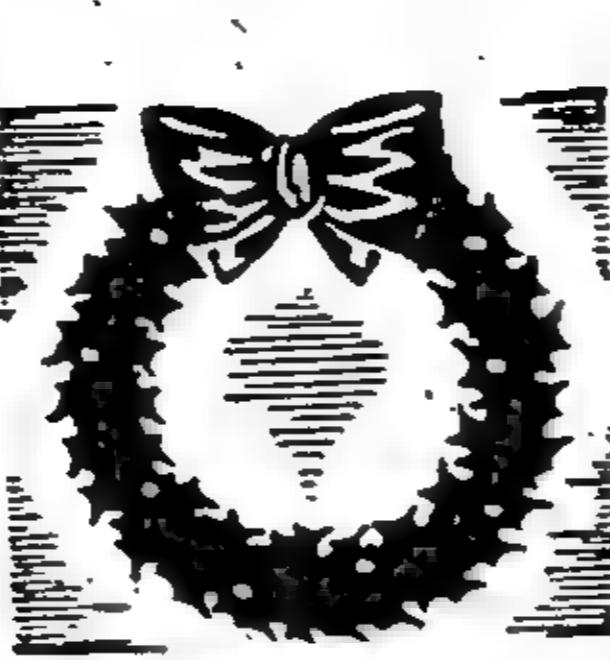
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KEEPING CHRISTMAS

By GORDON GRIFFITHS



IF the Smiths have done their Christmas shopping early, they are greedy and want to get first pick of everything.

If you have done so, it is out of consideration for the assistants who are usually rushed off their legs during the last few days.

If the Robinsons send you small presents they do so expecting to get something substantial in return.

If you send them similar ones, you are not anxious to display ostentation.

HOW CALENDARS STARTED

OUR calendars, which look so bright and modern as we hang them up on New Year's Day, are really not so new after all.

The idea of the calendar started over so long ago in Greece. It was the custom there to have the first day of the month announced to the people. This was done in two ways. One way was to have heralds go about the street crying that the first day of the month had arrived. Another was to put up placards or printed signs on the walls. These signs were called "kalends," meaning in Greek, "I proclaim."

From this old custom and word we get our calendar and its name. We have added all the days of the months to our signs; we hang them in our homes instead of on city walls; but the idea is still the same—to tell us which day it is.



THE dread celebration of Christmas-night dinner with rich relations brought one insuperable joy that no accompanying misery could quench: not the varnished, qualmish stiffness of the slow-trotting cab; not the chilly superiority of years older cousins; not the consciousness of the new "piece" which you would inevitably be called upon to play later in the evening; not the formal and awesome procession of soup, fish, turkey, mince-pies, terrifying flaming pudding—all handed to you by trimly starched retainers. Nervousness and novelty combined, you rarely achieved a satisfying meal.

But there, heaped at the corners of the table, raying from the centre, glimmering, sparkling, transparent, rainbow-gauzed, tinsel-strung, silver and

If the Browns go abroad for Christmas they are unpatriotic and are taking money out of Hong Kong.

If you do so, it is because you are broad-minded and believe in travelling as an education—not that you need it, of course.

* * *

If the people next door say they are going to spend Christmas quietly, it is because they cannot afford to do otherwise.

If you do so, it is because you believe in living to-day as you can live to-morrow.

* * *

If you hang up some mistletoe, it is because it is a time-honoured custom.

If Maisie does so, it is her only hope of being kissed this year.

* * *

If Mrs. Perkins doesn't put silver coins in the Christmas pudding, she is mean.

If you don't do so, it is because you are afraid the children will swallow them.

* * *

If Smith kisses your wife under the mistle-toe—well, no wonder! Have you seen Mrs. Smith?

If Mrs. Smith kisses you, it is because she cannot resist you—in any case, have you seen Smith?

* * *

If Smith kisses your wife under the mistle-toe—well, no wonder! Have you seen Mrs. Smith?

* * *

If you burn brandy over the pudding you do so because the children love to see the blue flame.

If the people next door do so, they will do anything for a smell of intoxicants.

If Smith throws a party, he is anxious to show off.

If you do so—well, it is just the spirit of Christmas.

* * *

If he dresses up like Father Christmas he is making an ass of himself.

If you do so, it is because the kiddies have to be entertained.

* * *

If you burn brandy over the pudding you do so because the children love to see the blue flame.

If the people next door do so, they will do anything for a smell of intoxicants.

WHY IS DECEMBER CALLED DECEMBER?

Lore and Legends of Christmas Tree



Countless are the feasts and legends associated with the nativity of Christ, while the origin of the Christmas tree has formed the subject of numerous stories.

Many are familiar with the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn. St. Joseph of Arimathea had been going about Europe telling the story of the Crucifixion, when he became exhausted, and stuck his staff into the earth, saying he would wander no more. The staff became a hawthorn tree, flowering only at Christmas. A tablet now marks the spot where the original tree is supposed to have stood.

Some bestow the honour of originating the Christmas tree on Martin Luther, the German reformer, telling the following tale. On the night of December 25, while journeying over the white fields of Bavaria, he was so impressed by the sky with its infinite myriads of glit-

tering stars, that on his arrival home he tried in vain to explain it to his wife and children. He went into the forest nearby and cut down a fir-tree, dragged it into his house, fixed some candles on it, and lighted them.

The French legend concerns a fir, the boughs of which were adorned with candles, some upright, others upside-down, while on the top was the vision of a haloed Babe. The tree represented mankind, the Babe Our Saviour, and the candles good and bad beings.

In Germany, an effigy of Mother and Son usually adorns the highest branch of a Christmas tree, while a manger and crib are placed at the base.

About the same time that Britain and her colonies adopted the use of the tree, the custom began to gain popularity in the United States. Then it spread throughout the Christianised world, and is now in universal favour.



THE LURE OF CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

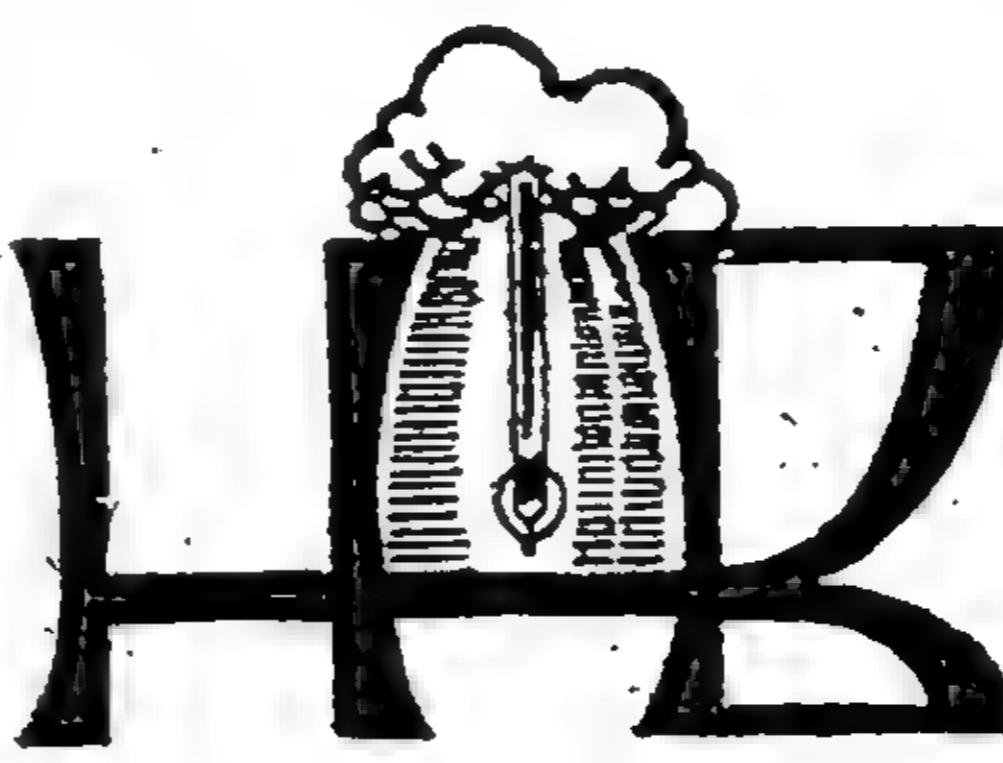
gold, scarlet and blue, cerise and fuchsia, blazed the crackers. Not the crackers of home the simple-orange-hued box with its black cats that you had after earnest consultation yourself selected at the local grocer's, on the tacit understanding that you would forget all about the purchase until Christmas Day and not even peep into the cupboard where they lay. Those you knew to contain "caps and musical instruments." Had not the shop-keeper kindly read out to you the inscriptions on the labels as you stood on the sanded floor amid the pleasant odours of tea and coffee and sugar, surveying the many-coloured ramp of boxes that had sprung up overnight? Had you not conscientiously poked back into its white paper tunnel the penny whistle that had protruded all too early into the light of day?

At midday their fire had been spent, their anticipated delights savoured. But here were crackers—miraculous exotic, costly, fraught with surprise. "Come along, let's pull a cracker!" Ecstatic moment, year-awaited. And as the youngest present, what rich gains were yours! How many "fat halves" came your way! What jewels—turquoise-studded hearts, emerald rings, fabulous necklaces, chains, and charms! What a delectable mingling of miniature cups and flagons Japanese water-flowers, puzzles, watches, frogs, and doll's furniture! How many

balloons were dispatched flaming to the skies; how many fiery serpents writhed and died for your delight in a welter of grey ashes. Bonnets, caps, and masks were yours for the choosing.

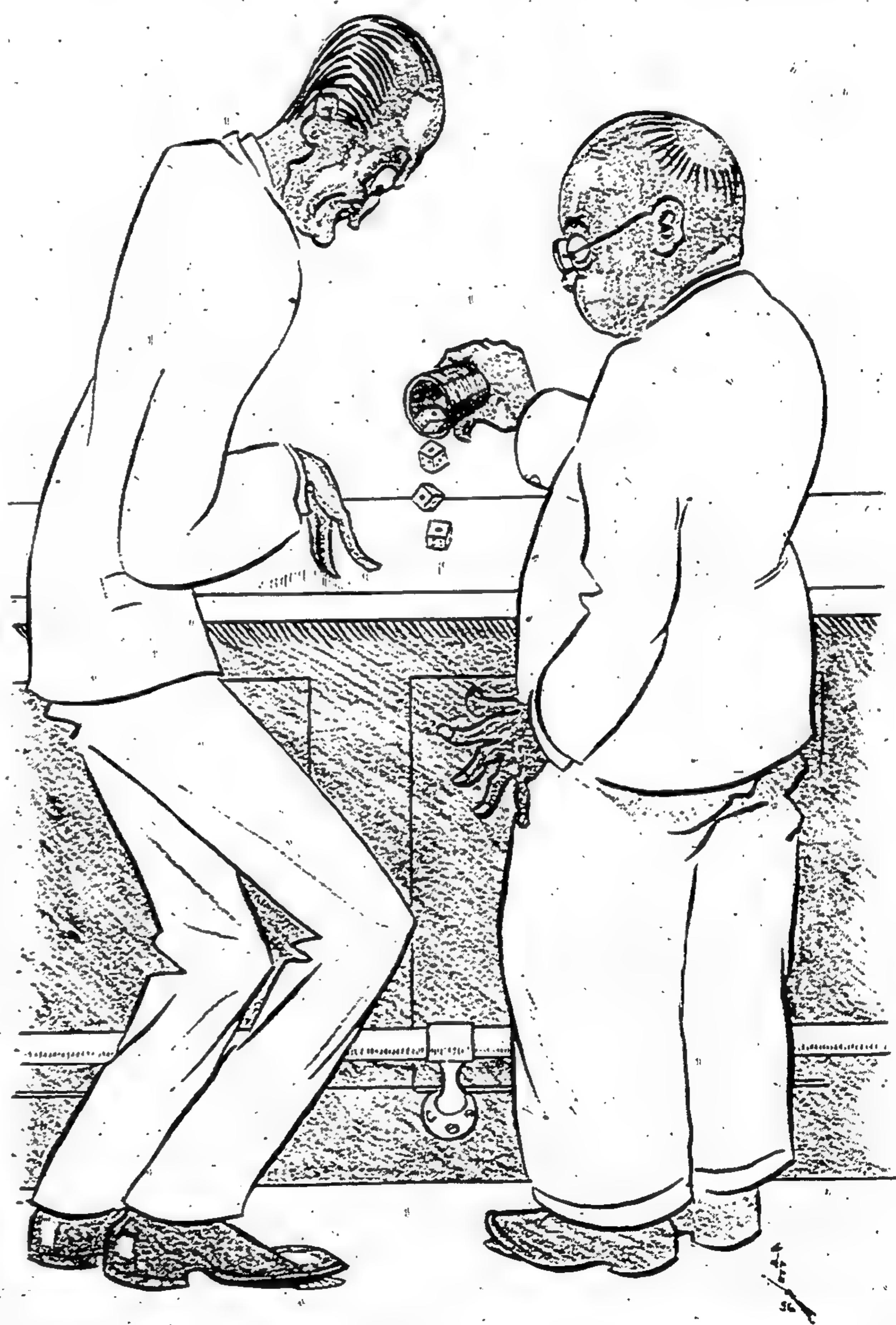
How tenderly you guarded your treasure, carefully hoarded in some convenient paper cap until the moment of departure! In the homeward cab, more than a little sleepy, you nodded over the precious jumble. Home-safe home! No freebooter returning from the Spanish Main more complacent of booty-crammed hold, more at peace with the world. Until roused at alighting: "I think I'm rather hungry."

So no wonder that on your Christmas round you gravitate to the cracker department, that you pause and gaze, and hover and hesitate. Such beauty, such mystery, such imagination, such evanescent loveliness. How to choose when each box seems more gay, more desirable than the last?



Don't wait for the fall of the Dice - - -

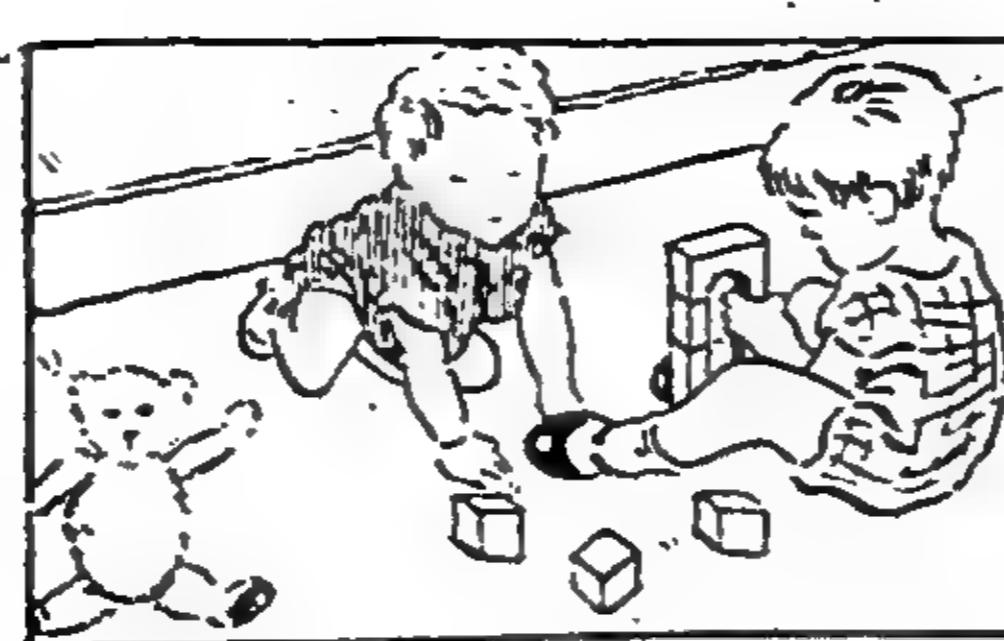
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In a manger for His bed.
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
He came down to earth from
Heaven.
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable.
And His cradle was a stall

With the poor, and mean, and
lowly.
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
And our eyes at last shall see
Him.
Through His own redeeming
love;
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in Heaven above.
And He leads His children on
To the place where He has gone.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(By HELEN M. TURNER)

WHEN we look at the brightly burning candles, and many coloured ornaments on our Christmas tree, do we, I wonder, ever stop to wonder, when people first began to decorate trees in order to celebrate the birthday of the child Jesus? If we do, then I think that we shall be surprised to be told that the custom came into being long before the birth of Christ.

The story of the so-called Christmas trees goes back for thousands and thousands of years. In far-off days people in Egypt represented the year as a palm tree and called the different branches by the names of the months of the years.

Later the Romans copied the idea, but they used the tip of a fir tree instead of a palm tree, and this they decorated with candles and with little ornaments in honour of their god Saturn.

In the century before the birth of Jesus, when the armies of the Roman Empire were conquering Northern Europe, the

customs and fashions of the south were brought to the people of the north. In Germany the inhabitants began to use "the decorated tree at the festivals of their principal gods. Afterwards, when they learned to worship the true God," the decorated tree, like so many ancient customs, became part of the general rejoicing during the greatest and most joyful of all the Christian festivals.

It was not till about one hundred and fifty years ago that Christmas trees were first seen in England. Then Queen, the wife of George III., was a German, and when Christmas-time came she had a fir tree decorated, illuminated with candles, and set up in the royal nursery for her little sons and daughters.

Doubtless the tree was lighted up on Christmas Eve, for it is on that day—not on Christmas Day itself—that all Christmas trees are illuminated in Germany. It is called the Children's Feast, and is also known by the strange title of the Day of Adam and Eve!

A CHRISTMAS CARD

This sketch is the size of a postcard and when coloured could be pasted on to a card and used as a Christmas greeting. Chief colours could be:—

BACKGROUND:—Grey.

TREE:—Dark green; any bright colours for candles; balls, brown; oblong parcel, pink; and round bundle (right) adjoining, yellow.

FATHER CHRISTMAS:—Red robe, white whiskers and hat; pink face.

BUNDLES:—(in front) — Cream.

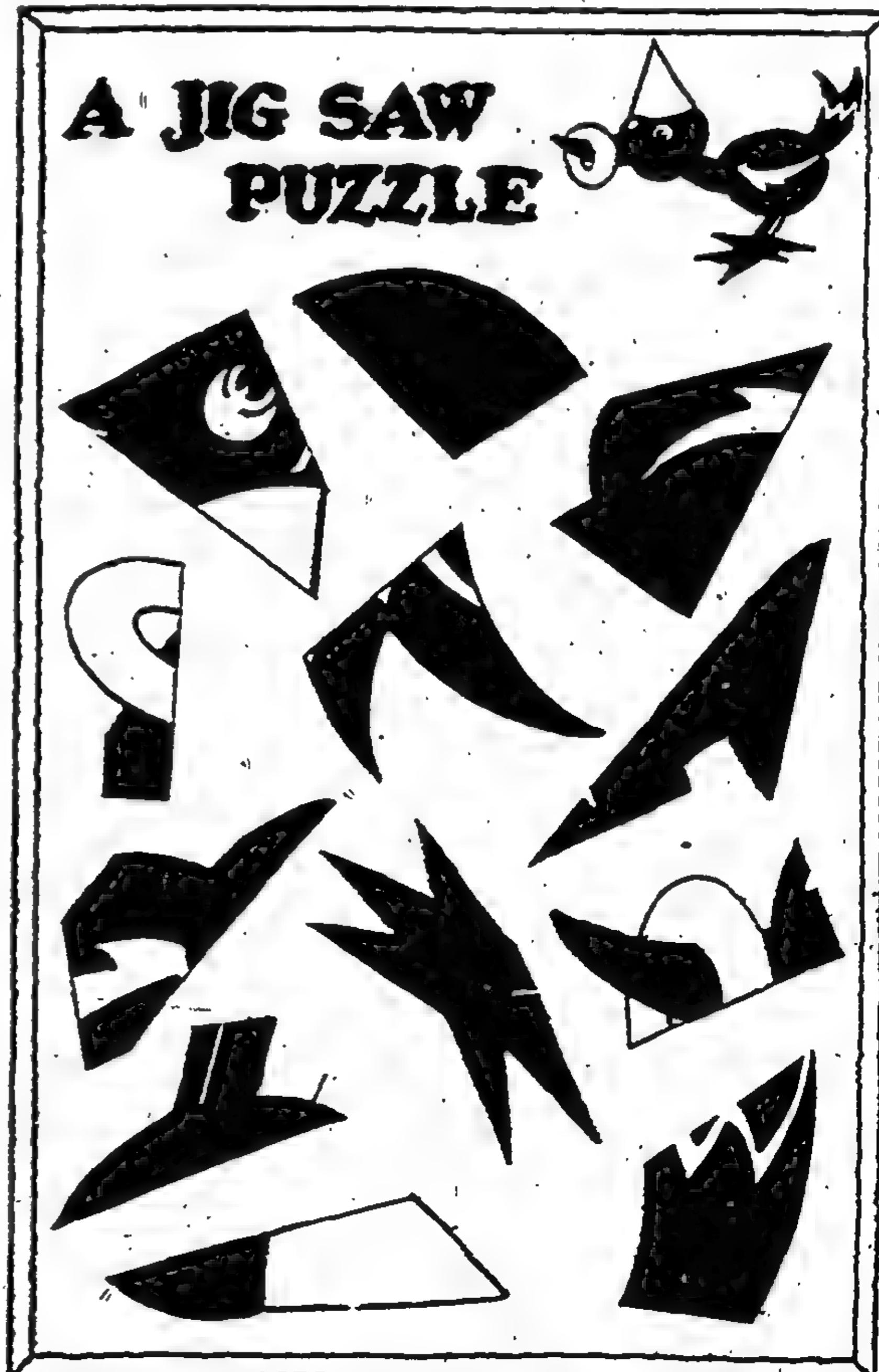
REINDEERS:—First one, burnt sienna; second one (in front), sepia; harness, red.

DISTANT HILLS:—Purple.

BOTTOM of PICTURE:—White with blue shadows except for Redbreast.



Jig-saw puzzles are always fun.
Try your hand at doing this one.



THREE VARIATIONS OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF

BLIND man's buff is always popular at Christmas parties. Here are three interesting variations:

The first is animal blind man's buff. One player is blindfolded and stands in the middle of a circle with a stick. The other players dance round in a circle till the blind man taps three times on the floor, when he must stand still. The blind man then points his wand at a player, who takes hold of the other end, and orders him to make a noise like some animal, say, a cat or dog or lion. He then tries to guess the name of the player from the voice, and if correct the players change places. If wrong, the same player remains blind.

Another variation is French blind man's buff. The blind man stands in the centre; the other players sit on chairs in a circle round him and are numbered from one onwards. The blindfolded player calls out two numbers, whereupon the players who have these numbers must exchange places, the blind man trying to catch them as they move or to occupy one of their chairs. If he is successful, the player he catches or whose chair he takes becomes the blind man.

A third variation is called blind bell. All the players but one are blindfolded and scatter about the room. The one not blindfolded carries a bell in one hand, ringing it at every step, and the blindfolded players try to catch him. Whoever catches the bell man changes places with him.



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Klismas . . .

(Continued from Page 10)

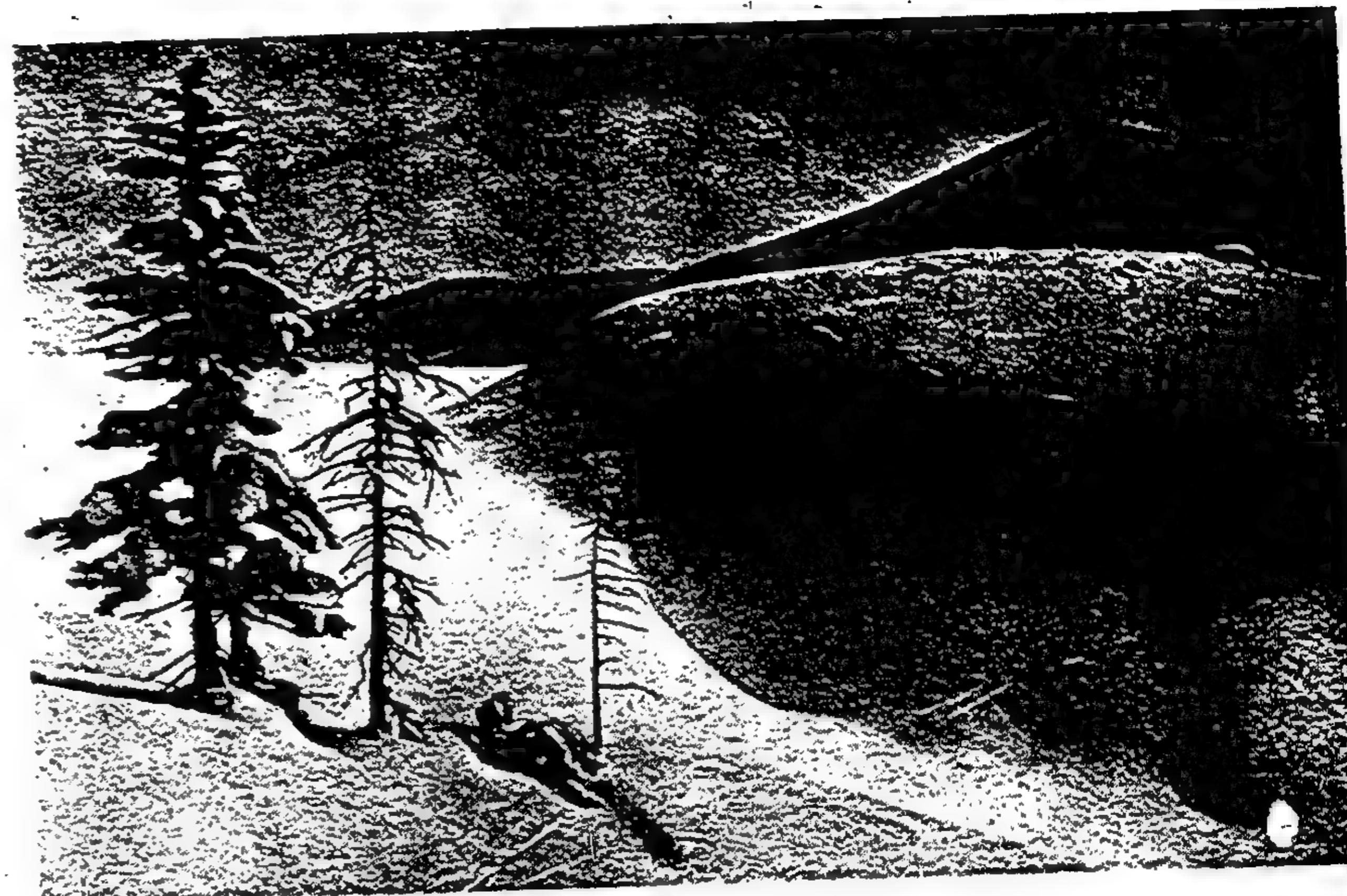
little arms when I held the bear in front of you. You just said, 'Klismas, mummy,' and with it tucked tightly in your arms, turned over and went to sleep. Oh, the relief of it, Donald! The nurses and I just gazed at the toy — and I worshipped it! I still do!"

From under her eiderdown she drew the tattered Klismas, and there were tears in the eyes of both mother and son as they stroked its rough head and torn feet.

"And what did you do, darling?"

"Well, after days and days of trying to be brave enough, I went to see the manager of the mill—not his wife this time. I had difficulty in making them let me see him, but at last I did. I was so nervous that I don't remember just what I said to him, but I told him all about it — how I had tried to see his wife and failed, and then had stolen Klismas. I had brought Klismas with me in a big paper parcel. I hated taking him away from you, but I felt the only thing I could do was to give it back now that you were better."

"He was a fine man." He listened to everything I told him without interrupting me at all. You men do listen better than women sometimes," she smiled up at her son. "And then he quietly took the bear out of the parcel and walked across to the window with it in his hands. He came back to me in a minute, still stroking Klismas' back and



said: "Take him back to Donald, Mrs. Edwards. I feel very happy that my child's toy should have helped to make your boy better."

"But your little girl will want him back," I said.

"He smiled: 'I'm afraid my little girl has so many toys that none of them means as much to her as this one of them does to Donald.' Then he asked me about myself, and said he would like me to bring you in to see him when you were better. As I turned to go, he said: 'And we'll always keep this little mat-

ter a secret between you and me, Mrs. Edwards.'

"You know the rest of the story, Donald. How, when I took you to see him, he told me he had arranged for me to do light work in the mill. And as the years went on he took an interest in you. He had no son of his own. And now here you are — manager of the mill in his place!"

The man was silent for a moment, his head resting in his hands. Then:

"Dear old Boss. I always knew I had a lot to thank him for, but not as much as this."

Looking over the head of the teddy-bear between them the mother said:

"And so you see, dear, why it is I understand about this poor girl who has stolen from the mill? I'm quite sure she needed those materials for her children. This is Christmas Day. Shall we drive round to her lodgings and take her some of those things we have so much of that they mean little to us?"

The tall son only stooped and kissed her in agreement, but her faded blue eyes were radiant as she thanked him.

(THE END).

Honeymoon

(Continued from Page 6)

sented a bottle of champagne, "with the compliments and respects of Mr. Ferris." So they drank to Mr. Ferris and his recovery; but to Chloe the bubbling liquid tasted brackish. Champagne from the bridegroom was nice; the company of the bridegroom himself would have been nicer. For the bride, at any rate.

Later there was dancing; and for the first time Mrs. Ferris joined in it. "Jack was very insistent that I dance to-night," she said. (And Chloe thought: "Heaven protect me from a too-broad-minded husband.") Her gown gleaming white against the men's dinner-jackets, she circled the ballroom again and again; but anyone could tell that they were her partners by proxy only, and that her heart and mind, and even, in a sense, her body, were with the omnipresent Jack. And when the last number was reached, a waltz, she declined all offers on the grounds that she was very tired, though to the Greshams she admitted, with a grave earnestness, that her real reason was "because I told Jack I would save it for him."

From the floor they could see her sitting alone at the table, smiling and nodding her head to the slow rhythm of the music.

"Well," said Chloe bitterly. "she's had a good time to-night at least."

"Sure," said Walter. "Why shouldn't she? She knows that other men like to be with her, anyway."

Only afterward, in their cabin,

did he tell her that during his final dance with Mrs. Ferris, the one just before the waltz, she had been crying. She had thought he hadn't noticed it, but he had. And even as she had kept smiling and talking, she had been crying.

"I," he said, "could cheerfully kill Mr. Jack Ferris."

"And I," she said, "would gladly assist you."

The ship was to dock at eight; by seven-thirty they were standing at the railing in the smoky, sun-dinted morning light, while the huge prow nosed awkwardly toward its slip. They had sought Mrs. Ferris in the mob and found her nowhere, and now Chloe announced that she intended to go down to say good-bye.

"You also want to catch a glimpse of the famous Jack," corrected Walter. "And so do I, if only to see if he's as inhuman as he seems to be. Come on; we'll both go."

Together they found the right deck, the right corridor. The door, with its neat card reading "Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris," stood open; but when they entered, in response to a faint "Come!" the only person in the room was a stewardess, middle-aged and pinkly plump, who was stripping the beds.

"Have Mr. and Mrs. Ferris gone up on deck?" asked Chloe.

"Yah," said the stewardess.

"Missus Ferris, she gone."

"Mr. Ferris too?" said Walter.

The pleasant face suddenly wrinkled into a reproving frown.

asked last night he get killed. Yah, run over by a automobile and killed dead, the poor man!" She sighed. "And the poor lady, too! But then she smile and say: 'It is my honeymoon. He would not have wanted me to be sad on my honeymoon, would he?' And I say: 'No, I am sure he would not.'"

They did not speak until they had landed, until they stood beneath their Customs letter, and through the sea of bobbing shoulders, saw Mrs. Ferris, dressed in black, gazing expectantly up at one of the ship's freight exits. A man was with her, an elderly man, with a mourning band around his sleeve, and he was apparently urging her to leave. But she shook her head and continued to stare upward.

And as Chloe was about to turn her eyes away, she saw that at a little distance beyond, waiting the long black ornately carved car, its plate-glass sides gleaming in a shaft of sunlight that somehow had penetrated through a crevice in the vault high above.

It was then that Walter spoke. "My God," he said, in hesitant wonder. "How could she do it? Why would she do it?"

For a moment she did not answer, and at last she bent down toward the open trunk tray before her. "I don't know," she said.

But she did know, just as the stewardess had known. . . . A dream is better than nothing.

(THE END).

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MANHATTAN CAROL

(Continued from Page 5)

"Is he related to Winks?" said Dan Fenton cautiously. The lovely eyes opened wide. "Oh, no, darling. They simply loathe each other. It's too amusing. Winks is really too greedy, you know. Funny Winks." She laughed again.

"I wonder," thought Dan Fenton, "if Winks is a horse. It might be. Then again, it might not. It's a question!"

"Well, as I was saying—" he said.

"Oh, Dan, I forgot to ask—" she said at the same moment.

"Sorry, Diana. I—"

"No—it wasn't anything, Dan. Just—"

They stared at each other with fixed and friendly smiles. And somewhere a door-bell trilled. "It's Winks," thought Dan Fenton dully. "And he's an alarm-clock. No, maybe he's still a horse."

Diana patted his hand—it was odd not to feel an electric current when she did so.

"Heavens!" she said tragically. "It's the thundering herd. Well, we'll just sneak away, in a corner, as soon as we decently can. I haven't asked you *half* the things—"

They were, Dan Fenton assured himself, gay, bright, amusing, sophisticated people. They must be. Diana had had them in the old days, and Diana would have them still. Besides, they had names—and he had heard of some of the names, even in Range City. The man who looked rather like a withered but petulant mouse was undoubtedly the famous playwright—he had caught the name quite distinctly: and the man who looked as if he wore corsets had a title, as well. Then there were Sue Damian, who was too divine; and Bunny Angus, who was too amusing. A great many well-dressed people, many of them quite rich, and all talking rather loudly. A great many cocktails made people talk rather loudly. And there were hot things on trays, and cold things on trays. He wasn't having any more cocktails, after the first, with the rum in it. But the cream-cheese-and-chives thing was good. They often had it at home.

"He comes from Range City," said Diana, laughing. "Isn't it too divine?"

The light, buoyant figure passed on among her guests. It was remarkable, thought Dan Fenton respectfully, how Diana had kept her youth. He had seen a butterfly under glass once, the wings brilliant with colour. You would not have called it artificial—but it was no longer a butterfly. The wings, if you touched them, would be brittle and dry.

He wanted to say: "Are you happy? And why did you marry Bruce Davenport in the first place? And where has it all gone? Was it only youth—was it all youth—the magic and the swiftness? Or was it just that I didn't have any sense?"

Instead he explained about Range City, politely, to the girl beside him. She had a cream-white skin, dark eyes and an arrogant, discontented mouth.

"Dear Diana," said the girl, in a pause, "she's looking too rapturous, isn't she? I don't know how she does it. I'd be a wreck—but a wreck! And she practically never has the jitters. I've only seen her with the real jitters twice."

"Is that a necessary part of the party?" said Dan Fenton.

"Oh, my dear!" the girl cried. "That's too divine! But of course the holidays make anyone jittery—too cheerful and Dickensy and saddening. But—" She looked at her watch, and screamed.

"My dear!" she said. "I must fly!"

She flew. Dan Fenton noticed, in the direction of the cocktail-shaker, and remained there, chatting animatedly with the man like a petulant mouse. He found himself, with a slight sensation of nightmare, on the edge of a group of three near a Chicago painting. They hunched their shoulders a little as if to guard themselves from his nearer approach. He heard a voice say, "No—I don't think Diana takes anything—it always shows in the eyes—" and moved hastily away.

"Aren't you Dan Fenton?" said a voice. "I'd never have known you!"

Fenton extended a hand and groped for a name. "Of course! Grant Billington!"

"No, I'd never have known you in the world," said Grant Billington with satisfaction. "Been out of town, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Dan Fenton. "I've been out of town."

"Well," said Grant Billington cordially—they had called him "Wormy," in college, Dan Fenton remembered, "I don't get in to Diana's parties very often myself. But I like to cheer the old girl up now and then, when I can."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Fenton softly.

"Oh, well," said Billington tolerantly, "live and let live, you know—and she's still very attractive—very attractive." And he gave what Dan Fenton could only think of as a mental nudge. A sudden desire possessed Dan Fenton to take Mr. Billington's face in his hand and push. Then he thought of something else.

"Sorry to see you looking so badly, Grant," he said. "Liver?"

"Liver?" said Grant Billington, dum-founded. "Why, I played eighteen holes of golf only—"

"Ah," said Dan Fenton weightily, "that's just it. Can't over-exercise at our age, you know. Too hard on the heart. Reminds me of poor Chick Wilson—oh, well, you wouldn't know him—just about your build, too. Poor Chick!"

"But listen!" yammered Mr. Billington. "Listen! Do you really think—"

"It's nice to have seen you, Grant," said Fenton sorrowfully, and moved away. When he was safe behind a screen of cocktail-drinkers, he chuckled internally. Wormy Billington would spend the holidays having x-rays taken—and serve him right. But it was ridiculous to have that wretched little rich hypochondriac patronizing Diana. He'd tell Diana about it, and they'd have a good laugh.

But when he looked across the room for Diana, he suddenly knew that he would not tell her. She was there, in the centre of a group—she was there, being very animated. She liked this—she liked it all: the peacock-noise and the smart second-hand sayings—the spinning bright-coloured wheel that had seemed so gayly painted in youth. But he knew that he didn't want it any more.

"Oh, sorry," said a voice, as his elbow was jogged and a splash of lukewarm cocktail lit on the back of his hand. "Awfully sorry. But it's rather a crush—what?"

"It's my fault," said Fenton, wiping his hand. "I'm from the great open spaces. Though we do have cocktail parties there, in our simple way."

"I say!" said the boy excitedly. "Great open spaces? Then you're Mr. Fenton, of course. Diana told me—been looking for you and all that. My name's Ridley, by the way. Very nice to have you here—heard so much about you from Diana—didn't quite realize—"

"It's very pleasant to meet you," said Dan. He hoped that he wasn't staring, as they shook hands. He had expected many things of Diana's third husband. But he had not expected this—this curly-haired child with the nice manners and the nervous, agreeable smile. "He can't be more than twenty," thought Dan. "No, I'm wrong—the English are different—he might be twenty-five."

"I say," said Nigel Ridley. "Didn't mean to stare. But—well—heard so much about you from Diana—didn't quite realize—"

"He's going to call me 'sir' in a minute," thought Dan. Aloud, he said: "Of course that was a good many years ago."

"Quite," said the Englishman. "Quite." He laughed a little. "Hope I'm not making an ass of myself," he said. "But I got the impression of quite a different sort of person—well, rather a blood, and all that, if you know what I mean. Silly of me."

"Not at all," said Dan. It occurred to him that Mr. Ridley was very young. Only some one very young would take Diana's descriptions for gospel. He felt, abruptly, sorry for Mr. Ridley. It was not what he had expected to feel.

"Diana is very generous to her friends," he said.

"Isn't she!" said Mr. Ridley enthusiastically. His eyes roamed about the room. "Rather wonderful, you know," he said boyishly. "Of course, knew she was very popular. But still—makes one feel quite responsible—so many good chaps she might have married. Well, try to live up to it—and after all, she did pick me, don't you know."

"I'm sure you'll be very happy," said Dan, shaking him by the hand for the second time.

"Stout chap!" said Mr. Ridley, affected. His eyes, Dan Fenton noticed, had a certain fixity of gaze—the fixity of those who drink without showing it until the final and decorous collapse.

He found himself wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. It was, he thought, a Western gesture, but he didn't mind. He murmured to Mr. Ridley and started to slip his way politely through the crowd. As he reached the door, he turned for a last glance. The party was in full swing—the voices were getting shriller, ash-trays more cluttered. Over all the noise and the scramble, he heard Diana's light, meaningless laughter. It wasn't meant for an epitaph—but it would do well enough.

Snow had started to fall when he got to the street—he breathed gratefully of that clean, impeccable air. It seemed very cool and pleasant, after the smoke and the shrillness. A thicker snow would be falling in Range City, and his children would be out in it, shouting, with flushed cheeks. To-morrow he'd see if they carried the Range City *Times-Enquirer* at that news-stand near the Grand Central.

His right hand, jammed in his pocket, touched a small flat box—the cigarette-case he had bought for Trina. He could see it now, expensive, silly and glittering—the sort of present you bought to please your own vanity—present for the Diana of ten years ago. But it didn't happen to be good enough for Trina, with her Indian stoicism and her deep warmth. He'd take it back to-morrow and get something just as glittering but real. It would have to be real, for Trina was real. The time after Janice was born and the time is '29 when they thought they'd lost everything, and a dozen, a hundred times. And he'd almost missed it, almost missed the hunger and the peace and the steadfastness, the comradeship and the thousand small memories that made up life, because of a dream of youth and a gilded apple. But he hadn't, quite. It was too late now to take up the Levins' invitation, even if they wanted. But he and Trina would have Christmas, hotel or no hotel. Only first—

"Taxi!" he shouted. "The Plaza! And hurry!" Then, a moment later, he rapped on the glass.

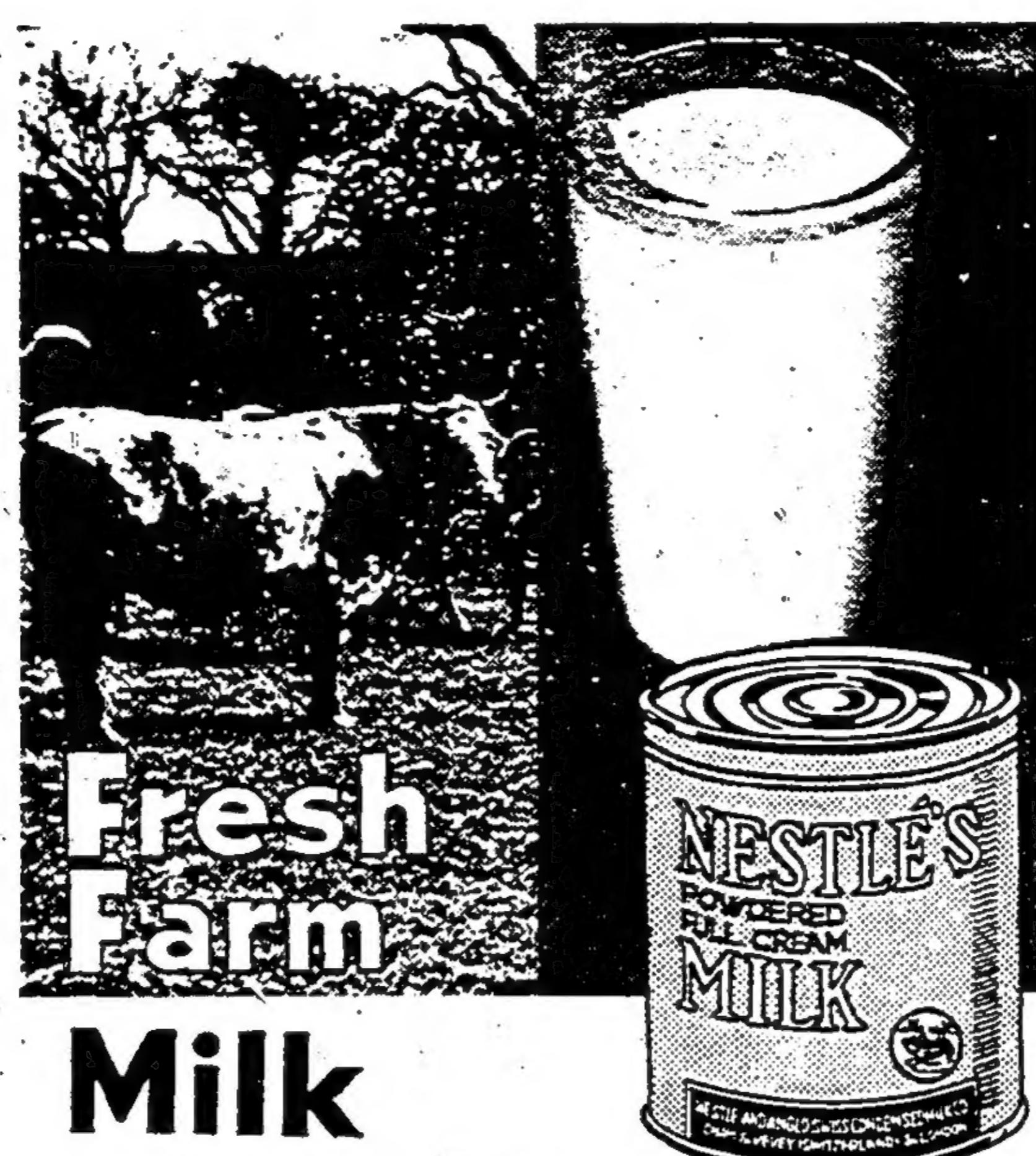
"No—listen," he said. "Drive down Fifth till you see a Santa Claus. Then I'll tell you what to do."

"Buyin' reindeer this early, Chief?" muttered the driver, but obeyed. The taxi slowed to a stop. Dan Fenton leaped from it. "Just a minute!" he flung over his shoulder. Then he turned to a surprised and weary Santa Claus who rang his bell in the face of the passers-by.

"How much will you do for ten dollars?" said Dan Fenton, the respected business-man of Range City. "Well, I want you to do just this: I want you to kick me. Hard! I can't do it myself. But I know it ought to be done."

"Say, buddy, what's eatin' you?" said the Santa Claus uneasily, his eyes roaming for a policeman. Dan Fenton laughed boyishly. "Oh, all right," he said. "You needn't. I guess I'll remember, anyway. And here's the ten. But just tell me the nearest place where I can buy a Christmas tree—a real one that you can put in a hotel room. You see, I'm a stranger in town, and I've got to have one for my wife!"

(THE END)



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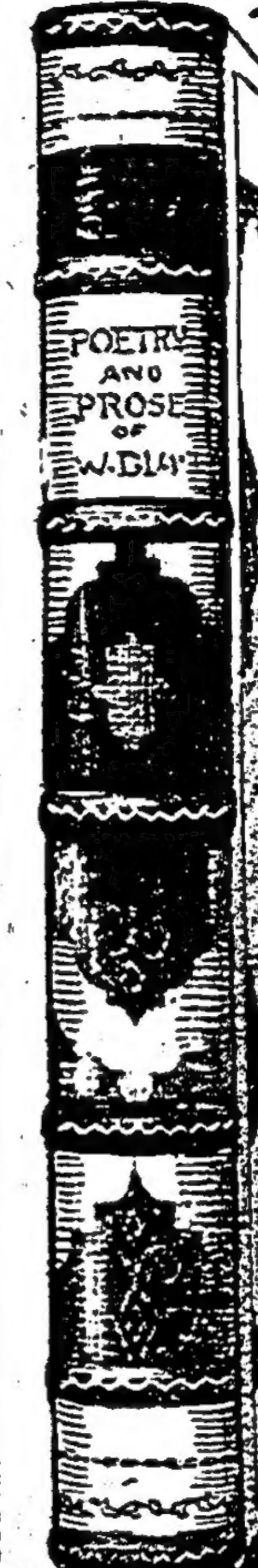
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